CAPT. MARVEL 10¢

WHIZ COMICS

In This Issue—
CAPTAIN MARVEL'S SQUADRON OF JUSTICE!

WHIZ COMICS' TRADING POST

NOTE: *If you are interested in any of these articles offered for trade, WRITE DIRECT to the boy or girl whose name and address appear in the Swap Notice. PLEASE DO NOT SEND your letter to WHIZ COMICS.*

Will trade microphone or printing press for any scientific material. Write to Otto Berger, 102 Kemp St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Will trade candid camera and flash gun for 8 m m projector with films or for a darkroom enlarger. Write to C. H. McKnight, Camp Grant, Onondaga, N. Y.

Will trade new electric eye for camera in good condition. Write to Richard Crowe, 1022 South Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Will trade a $30.00 chemistry set in excellent condition. Write to Arthur Debel, 8060 Doyle Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Will trade Jigsaw puzzle for a magnifying glass. Write to Donald Roman, 3020 S. Carpenter St., Chicago, Ill.

Will trade an electric baseball game for a camera and books for Ovaltine seals. Write to Sollie Robicsche, care of Quay, Reserve, La.

Will trade 16 m m. projector with 4-100 ft. reels of films. Write to Abie Berman, 2308 Webster, Houston, Texas.

Will trade lotto games in excellent condition for what have you. Write to Richard Speecher, 200 W Princeton Gallup, N. Mexico.

Will trade a good mystery book for a game of monopoly or big business. Write to Joyce Mitchell, 604 N 5th, Waco, Texas.

Will trade a Unives camera and monopoly game for what have you? Write to Richard Burke 1st Trenton, San Bernardino, Calif.

Will trade a chemistry set for any reasonable offer. Write to A. Kilbey, 2328 W 120rd St., New York, N. Y.

Will trade good selection of stamps. Write to Bud Gruber, 621 Fifth St., Marietta, O.

Will trade 4 big little books. Write to Vincent Scattergood, 1020 Cypress Ave., Ridgewood, Queens.

Will trade camera in very good condition. Write to Miron Poinarychyck, 60 N. Lehigh Ave., Frackville, Pa.

Will trade ping-pong set for what have you? Write to Jack Blain, 79 Homestead Ave., Naugatuck, Conn.

Will trade picture puzzle (unused) for book or game in good condition. Write to Laura M. Duncan, 714 S. Candler St., Decatur Ga.

Will trade Elgin Jr. camera in good condition for saxophone. Write to Warren Smith, 1732 Compton Rd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Will trade Dick Tracy book, three films for movie projector and pictures of baseball players for a game of Monopoly. Write to Billy Cooper, 1006 N. Gilbert St., Danville, Ill.

Will trade new microscope set. Write to Edward Turner, 1217 Summer St., Hammond, Ind.

Will trade boats for a first baseman's or a catcher's mitt. Write to Donald Walding, Crestview Florida.

Will trade hunting knife and sheath for two aeroplane kits. Write to Julius Webb, 1760 Davie St., Vancouver B. C. Can.

Will trade popular boys books. Write to Richard White R. R. Penns, Ave., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Will trade new Daisy BB pistol for what have you. Write to Felix Russo, Jr., 34 Liberty St., Danbury, Conn.

Will trade stamps, coins, Brownie, Jr., camera, good Soldier's glove, BB gun, Lionel transformer, roller skates for tropical fish or fish accessories. Write to Dick Wright, 1012 Lyon St., Flint, Mich.

Will trade new small camera for telescope or field glasses. Write to Bobby Kramer, 304 E. Hanna, Greencastle, Ind.

Will trade Soldier's glove and a soft ball for BB gun. Write to Robert Larson, 7914 So Normal, Chicago, Ill.

Will exchange 16 m m.—100 ft. movie films. Write to Robert Weston, 12 Prospect St., Holliston, Mass.

Will exchange specimens of snakes, lizards, etc. Write to Loris P. Ekstrom, 8 Greenleaf St., Brattleboro, Vermont.

Will trade model airplanes for Red Ryder BB gun. Write to Charles W. Osborne, 1120 Baker Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Will trade boxing gloves in good condition for telegram set. Write to Amelie Sapin, 260 Grand St., Hoboken, N. J.

Will trade wrist watch, A-1 electric motor, story books, Indian Tom-Tom and golf clubs for what have you? Write to Billy Britt, 466 Merchants Ave. S. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Will trade radio plans and used radio parts for BB gun or 22 rifle, or what have you. Write to A. L. Oliveira, 94 Peixinho St., New Bedford, Mass.

Will exchange stamps. Write to Nathan Chrman, 6908 6th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Will trade stamps and books for solar telescope or printing press. Write to Jim W. L. Mills, 367 Earl St., Kingston, Canada.

Will trade Crystal set without earphones for printing press. Write to Charles Polisky 443 South Pearl St., Youngstown, O.

Will trade boxing gloves, electric burning needle, first baseman's mitt, and 3 coil chrome basketball for what have you. Write to Elwood Wilmer, Route 1, Manchester, Pa.

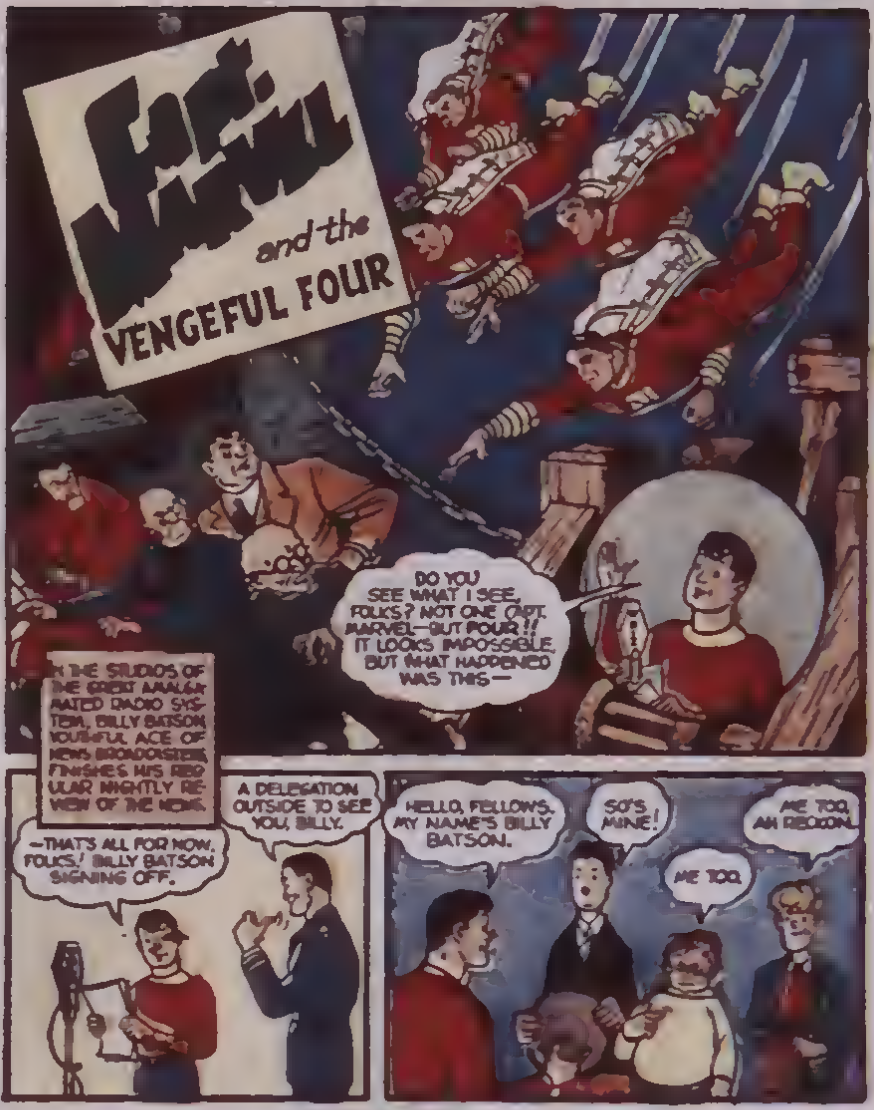
Will trade airplane souvenirs and magazines, electric train, air rifle and books for record player or old wood clarinet. Write to Desmond Albersen, Chipley, Fla.

Will trade 16 m.m. movie projector and films (300 ft.) for guitar. Write to Edward Sak, Box 600, Route 2, Torrington, Conn.

P. S. If you have something to trade—and you're looking for someone to trade with—write out a Swap Notice (like those printed above) and send it to:

TRADING POST, WHIZ COMICS, 1501 Broadway, New York City

We'll print your Swap Notice in the first available issue of WHIZ COMICS—ABSOLUTELY FREE. All we ask is that you be completely honest in your Swap Notice and do not misrepresent any article offered for trade.


Capt. Marvel
and the
VENGEFUL FOUR
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, FOLKS? NOT ONE CAPT. MARVEL—BUT FOUR!! IT LOOKS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT WHAT HAPPENED WAS THIS—
IN THE STUDIOS OF THE GREAT MAMAR RATED RADIO SYSTEM, BILLY BATSON YOUTHFUL ACE OF NEWS BROADCASTERS, FINISHES HIS REGULAR NIGHTLY REVIEW OF THE NEWS.
—THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, FOLKS! BILLY BATSON SIGNING OFF.
A DELEGATION OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU, BILLY.
HELLO, FELLOWS. MY NAME'S BILLY BATSON.
SO'S MINE!
ME TOO.
ME TOO. AH REDCOM.

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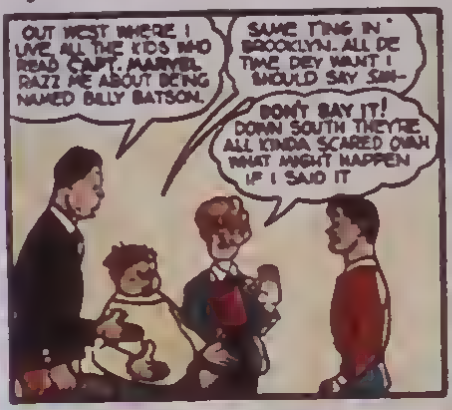

OUT WEST WHERE I LIVE ALL THE KIDS WHO READ CAPT. MARVEL RAZZ ME ABOUT BEING NAMED BILLY BATSON.
SAME TING IN BROOKLYN. ALL DE TIME DEY WANT I SHOULD SAY SHA—
DON'T SAY IT! DOWN SOUTH THEY'RE ALL KINDA SCARED OVAH WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF I SAID IT

SINCE WE'RE ALL NAMED ALIKE, WE OUGHT TO ORGANIZE THE BILLY BATSON CLUB!
SHO' THING! YOU KNOW, MOST KIDS WHO READ WHIZ COMICS THINK THE OLE MARVEL STORY IS JUST MADE UP—BUT WE KNOW DIFFUNT.

TO TELL US APART, I'D BETTER CALL MYSELF TALL BILLY.
OKAY. MY MONICKER'LL BE FAT BILLY.
Y'ALL KIN CALL ME HILL BILLY! AND YOU KIN BE RURAL BILLY.
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING. SHAZAM!

DOG MY COONS!
HEY!
CRIKEY!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS! I OUGHT TO BE WELCOME AT YOUR CLUB.
CAPTAIN MARVEL!
THE WORD OF POWER CHANGES THE RADIO REPORTER INTO THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!

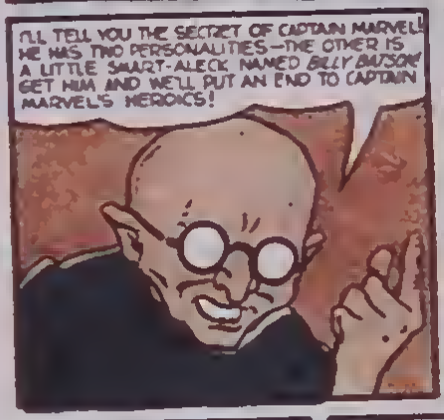
SO DERE IS SOME SHAZUNK IN DAT WORD SHA—
DON'T SAY IT, FAT BILLY!
NO, BETTER BE CAREFUL BOYS. GREAT POWERS SHOULD BE CAREFULLY USED.

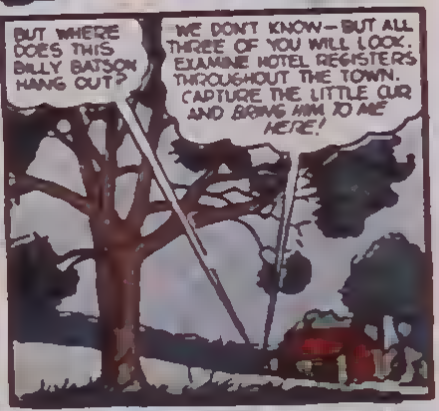
CALLING ALL CARS! BIG POST OFFICE ROBBERY—BANDIT CAR SPEEDING AWAY ON HIGHWAY 00 —
LET'S GO GET 'EM, BOYS! I'LL TAKE YOU!

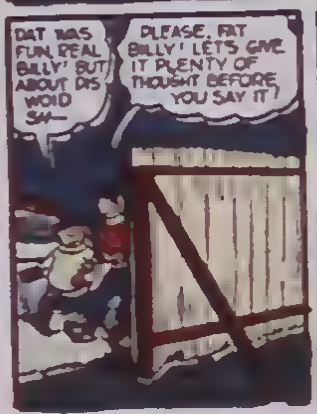
THERE'S HIGHWAY 44— AND THERE'S THE CAR! MOVE ON, BOYS! MEANS WE GO!!
STAY CLEAR, BOYS. I'LL SLOW THESE TOUGH GUYS DOWN.
AT TOP SPEED THE POWERFUL CAR CRASHES INTO THE FIGURE THAT BARS ITS WAY—BUT AGAINST CAPT. MARVEL'S TREMENDOUS MUSCLES IT SMASHES LIKE CHINA!
BAM
HERE COME THE POLICE CARS. GET ALL THAT MONEY TOGETHER FOR THEM, FELLOWS.
YOU BET!
OHEE! DIS IS FUN!
AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT FOR THE POLICE, CAPTAIN MARVEL?
I NEVER WAIT FOR THE POLICE— THAT'S PART OF THE FUN.
BUT ONE ROBBER—BIGGY BRIN, LEADER OF THE GANG—HAS BEEN THROWN CLEAR OF THE ROAD AND CRAWLS AWAY UNNOTICED.
THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME NOW— THESE WOODS ARE TOO THICK.

SO! YOU COME MIT ME NOW. DER BOSS VILL TALK TO YOU!

IT ALL HAP-PENED FAST— A BIG GUY IN RED—
CAPTAIN MARVEL! WE'RE HIS ENEMIES TOO. I AM SIVANA, THE MASTER SCIENTIST— THESE ARE HERR GEYER AND CAPT. DEATH!


I'LL TELL YOU THE SECRET OF CAPTAIN MARVEL! HE HAS TWO PERSONALITIES—THE OTHER IS A LITTLE SMART-ALECK NAMED BILLY BATSON! GET HIM AND WE'LL PUT AN END TO CAPTAIN MARVEL'S HEROICS!


BUT WHERE DOES THIS BILLY BATSON HANG OUT?
WE DON'T KNOW—BUT ALL THREE OF YOU WILL LOOK, EXAMINE HOTEL REGISTERS THROUGHOUT THE TOWN. CAPTURE THE LITTLE CUR AND BRING HIM TO ME HERE!

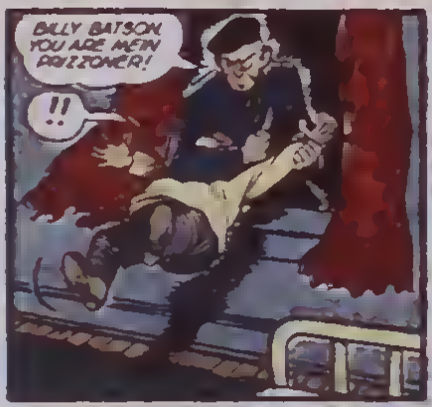

DAT WAS FUN, REAL BILLY! BUT ABOUT DIS WORLD SAV—
PLEASE, FAT BILLY! LET'S GIVE IT PLENTY OF THOUGHT BEFORE YOU SAY IT!

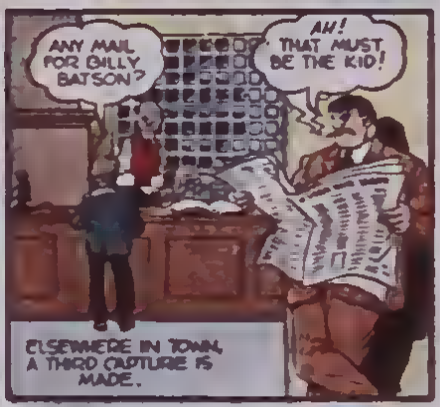
I'LL THINK THE THING OUT-FIGURE WHAT WILL HAPPEN. BUT DON'T SAY THE WORD UNLESS I WINK MY EYE—LIKE THIS!
SURE! T'ING!
SHO' THING!
HEY, IT'S LATE. LET'S SPLIT UP, AND MEET AGAIN TOMORROW.

YES, SIR, THERE'S A BILLY BATSON REGISTERED HERE—AND THERE HE COMES NOW
AS TALL BILLY SEEKS HIS HOTEL—

FOR GOOD-NESS' SAKE!
-THE WEIRD FIGURE OF CAPTAIN DEATH WHISKS HIM AWAY JUST AS HE GOES TO HIS ROOM.

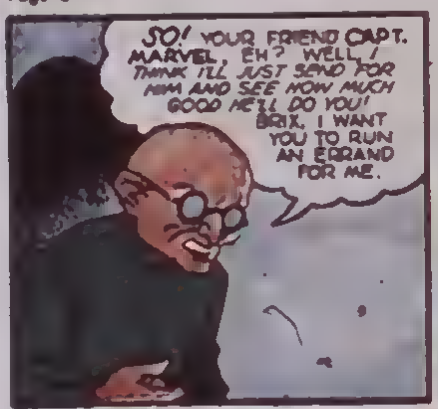
MEANWHILE, IN BROOKLYN—
YAH! DIS ISS DER ADDRESS IN DER PHONE BOOK—UND A NIZE FIRE ESCAPE—


BILLY BATSON YOU ARE MEIN PRIZZONER!
!!


ANY MAIL FOR BILLY BATSON?
AH! THAT MUST BE THE KID!
ELSEWHERE IN TOWN, A THIRD CAPTURE IS MADE.

YOU BLUNDERING IDIOTS! YOU'VE CAPTURED THREE DIFFERENT BOYS, AND NONE OF THEM IS BILLY BATSON!

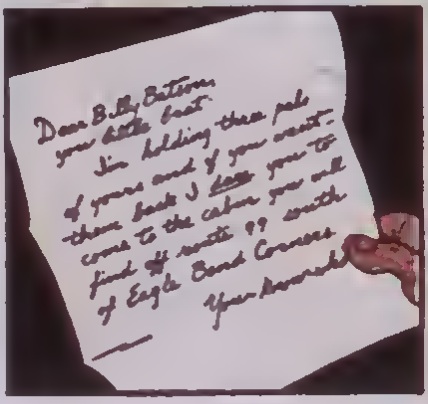
BEG PARDON, SUH, MY NAME IS BILLY BAT-SON!
MINE, TOO!
YOU'D BETTER LET US GO, OR YOU'LL BE SORRY. OUR FRIEND, CAPT. MAR-


SO! YOUR FRIEND CAPT. MARVEL, EH? WELL, I THINK I'LL JUST SEND FOR HIM AND SEE HOW MUCH GOOD HE'LL DO YOU! BRIX, I WANT YOU TO RUN AN ERRAND FOR ME.

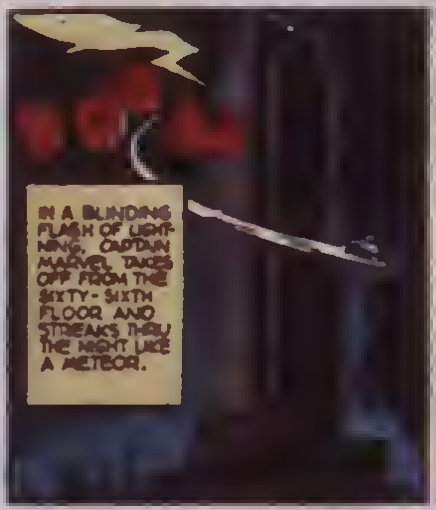
TAKE THIS NOTE TO THE REAL BILLY BATSON, BUT DON'T WAIT FOR AN ANSWER!
YEH, BOSS, BUT WHERE'LL I FIND HIM?

THIS IS YOUR RADIO REPORTER BILLY BATSON, FOLKS, COMING TO YOU FROM STATION WHIZ, IN THE AMALGAMATED BROADCASTING CO. BUILDING.
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER! NOW GET GOING!

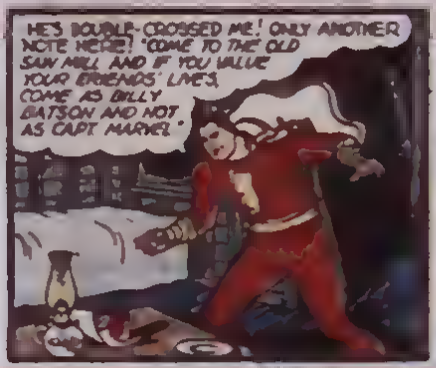
HERE'S A LETTER SOMEBODY BROUGHT IN A WHILE AGO, BILLY.
THANKS, JOE.
SOME TIME LATER


Dear Billy Batson
you little brat
I'm holding these pals
of yours and if you want
them back I dare you to
come to the cabin you all
found it with
of Eagle Bend Corners
Your friends

SHUCKS, THE OLD GUY! HE'S GOT THE THREE BILLIES AND HE DARES ME TO COME AND GET THEM!
I'LL JUST CALL HIS BLUFF! SHAZAM!

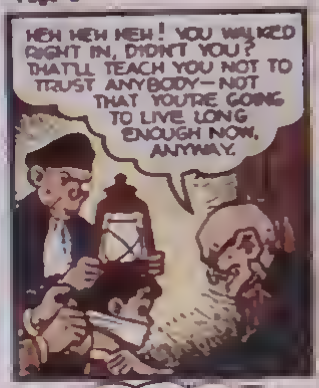

IN A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING, CAPTAIN MARVEL TAKES OFF FROM THE SIXTY-SIXTH FLOOR AND STREAKS THRU THE NIGHT LIKE A METEOR.

THERE'S THE SHACK! NOW TO SHOW THAT OLD COOT A THING OR TWO!
I'M PROBABLY WALKING INTO A TRAP, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE. SHAZAM!

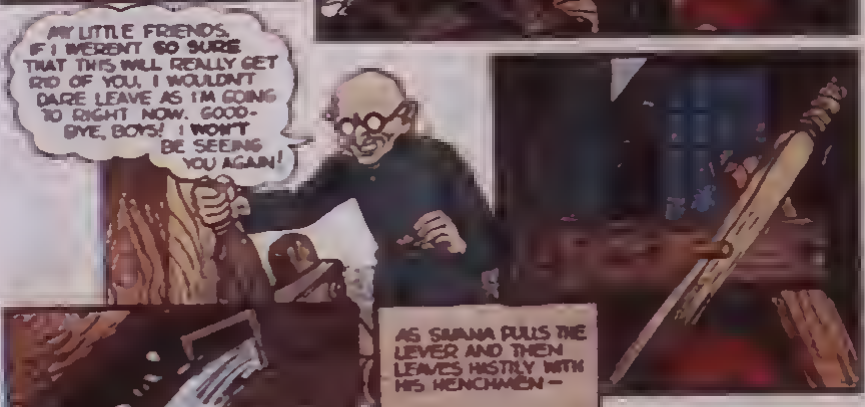

HE'S DOUBLE-CROSSED ME! ONLY ANOTHER NOTE HERE! "COME TO THE OLD SAW MILL AND IF YOU VALUE YOUR FRIENDS' LIVES, COME AS BILLY BATSON AND NOT AS CAPT. MARVEL."

TAKE THAT, YOU LITTLE MAKE-UP HEH! HEH!
AH, GOOT!
NICE GOING, GANG! WE'VE GOT 'IM!

NOW I KNOW IT'S A TRAP, BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE KIDS!

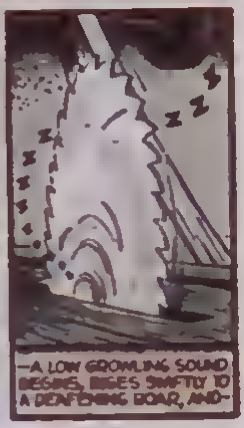

HEH HEH HEH! YOU WALKED RIGHT IN, DIDN'T YOU? THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO TRUST ANYBODY—NOT THAT YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH NOW, ANYWAY.

HEH HEH! FOUR BILLY BATSONS! SOON THERE WILL BE EIGHT, BUT ONLY EIGHT HALF-BILLIES! HO! HO! HEH! HEE! HAW!


MY LITTLE FRIENDS, IF I WEREN'T SO SURE THAT THIS WILL REALLY GET RID OF YOU, I WOULDN'T DARE LEAVE AS I'M GOING TO RIGHT NOW. GOOD-BYE, BOYS! I WON'T BE SEEING YOU AGAIN!
AS SWANA PULLS THE LEVER AND THEN LEAVES HASTILY WITH HIS HENCHMEN—

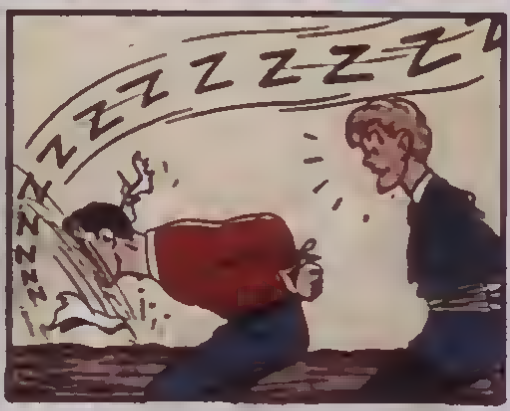
—THE OLD MILL WHEEL BEGINS TO TURN PONDEROUSLY—

—MASSIVE GEARS STRAIN AND RATTLE—


Z Z Z Z Z Z
—A LOW GROWLING SOUND BEGINS, RISES SWIFTLY TO A DEAFENING ROAR, AND—

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
—THE LOG TO WHICH THE BOYS ARE TIED BEGINS TO MOVE SLOWLY TOWARD THE DEADLY CIRCULAR SAW!

THERE'S STILL ONE THING I CAN TRY— IF I DON'T GET MY HEAD CUT OFF DOING IT!


ZZZZZZZZ
ZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZZ
HE SHOUTS THE MAGIC WORD. BUT—

THAT SAW DROWNS MY VOICE OUT— IF ONLY I COULD YELL LOUDER— MAYBE—
NNNZZZZ

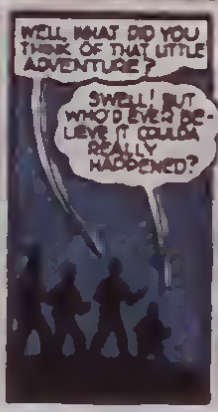
Z Z Z Z
SHAZAM!
SHOUTING IN CHORUS, THE FOUR BOYS DROWN OUT THE SAINT'S VOICE!
IT WORKED!
AM I REALLY A CAPTAIN MARVEL?
SMACK
NO—THERE AIN'T BUT ONE CAPTAIN MARVEL!
I GUESS WE'RE KINDA SECOND LIEUTENANT MARVELS.
FOLLOW ME, GANG! LET'S CLEAN UP SYLVANIA AND HIS MOB ONCE AND FOR ALL!
WELL, DOG MY COONS! I KIN FLY!
BOOZER! DIS IS GREAT!
LOOK! I'M AN AIR-PLANE! RRRR RR!! RR!!

THERE THEY ARE! LOOK-NICE SHAZAM'S PLANE! ALL TOGETHER— LET 'EM HAVE IT!

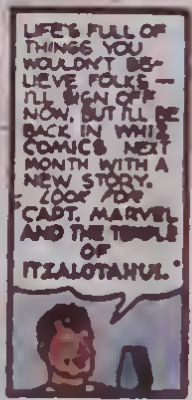
THAT'S THE END OF FOUR AS BAD MEN AS EVER LIVED, FELLOWS. TOO BAD, BUT IT HAD TO BE.

NOW THEN, ALL TOGETHER—
SHAZAM!

BOOM

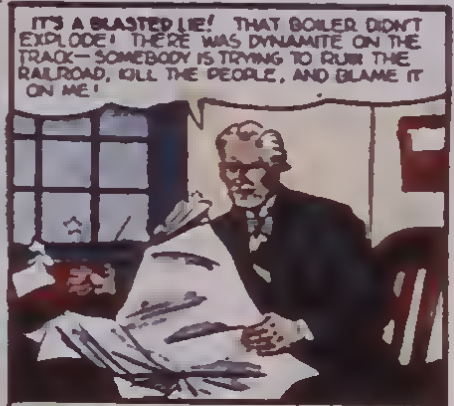

WELL, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THAT LITTLE ADVENTURE?
SWELL! BUT WHO'D EVER BELIEVE IT COULDA REALLY HAPPENED?

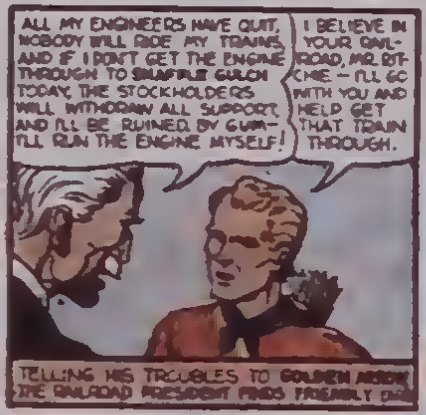
THAT'S THE POINT! NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE IT—SO LETS KEEP IT A SECRET AMONG OURSELVES.
MUM'S DE WORD.
SURE.
SAME HERE.


LIFE'S FULL OF THINGS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE FOLKS— I'LL SIGN OFF NOW, BUT I'LL BE BACK IN WHIZ COMICS NEXT MONTH WITH A NEW STORY. LOOK FOR CAPT. MARVEL AND THE TEMPLE OF ITZALOTAHUL.

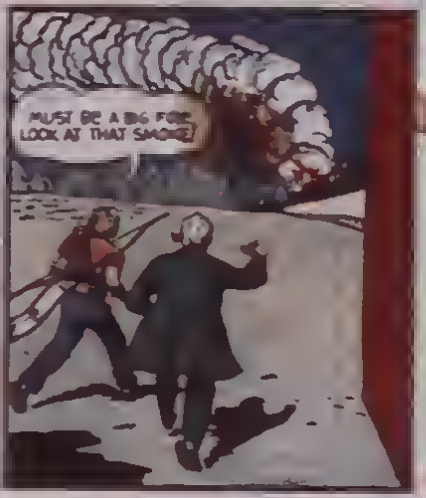
GOLDEN ARROW
GOLDEN ARROW, MIGHTY ARCHER OF THE OLD WEST! WITH HIS HORSE, WHITE WIND, AND A BOW AND ARROW, THIS FEARLESS YOUTH BATTLES ALL CRIME AND EVIL!
THE IRON HORSE, A NEW THING IN THE
BUT EVEN AN IRON HORSE HAS ENEMIES..
THE WESTERN BADMEN HAVE FOUND A NEW METHOD OF KILLING THEIR ENEMIES.

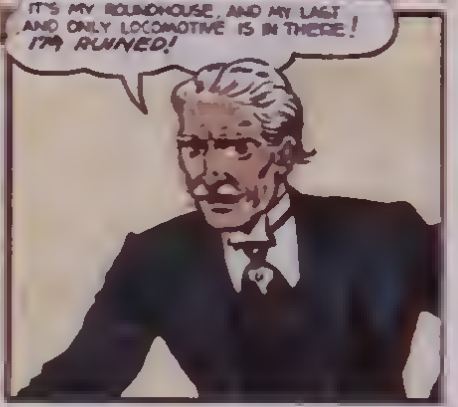
DAILY BL
ENGINE BO
XPLODE

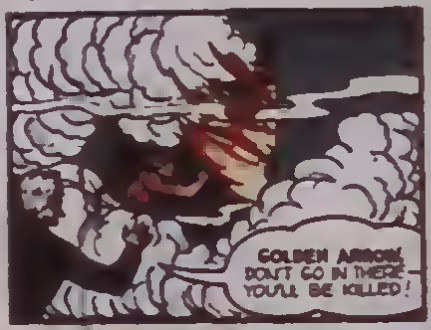

IT'S A BLASTED LIE! THAT BOILER DIDN'T EXPLODE! THERE WAS DYNAMITE ON THE TRACK—SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO RUIN THE RAILROAD, KILL THE PEOPLE, AND BLAME IT ON ME!
PRESIDENT RITCHIE OF THE RAILROAD IS ANGERED OVER THE NEWSPAPER STORY.

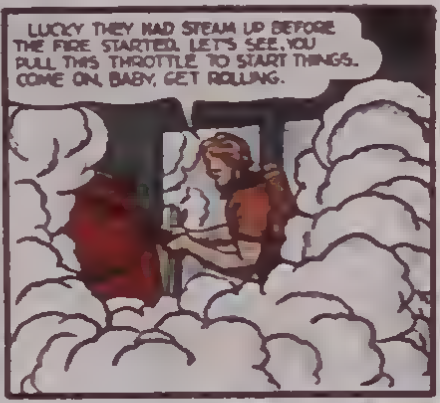

ALL MY ENGINEERS HAVE QUIT, NOBODY WILL RIDE MY TRAINS, AND IF I DON'T GET THE ENGINE THROUGH TO SNAFFLE GULCH TODAY, THE STOCKHOLDERS WILL WITHDRAW ALL SUPPORT, AND I'LL BE RUINED. BY GUM—I'LL RUN THE ENGINE MYSELF!
I BELIEVE IN YOUR RAILROAD, MR. RITCHIE—I'LL GO WITH YOU AND HELP GET THAT TRAIN THROUGH.
TELLING HIS TROUBLES TO GOLDEN ARROW THE RAILROAD PRESIDENT FINDS FRIENDLY EAR

FIRE!


MUST BE A BIG FIRE. LOOK AT THAT SMOKE!


IT'S MY ROUNDHOUSE, AND MY LAST AND ONLY LOCOMOTIVE IS IN THERE! I'M RUINED!

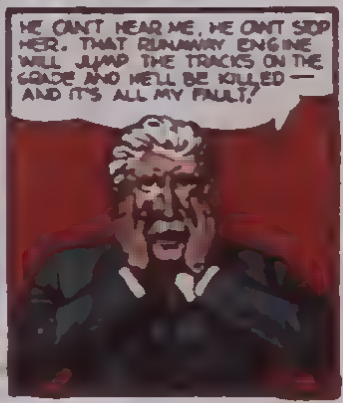

GOLDEN ARROW, DON'T GO IN THERE— YOU'LL BE KILLED!


LUCKY THEY HAD STEAM UP BEFORE THE FIRE STARTED. LET'S SEE, YOU PULL THIS THROTTLE TO START THINGS. COME ON, BABY, GET ROLLING.

...E ENGINE PUFFS OUT OF THE ROUND-HOUSE JUST IN TIME.

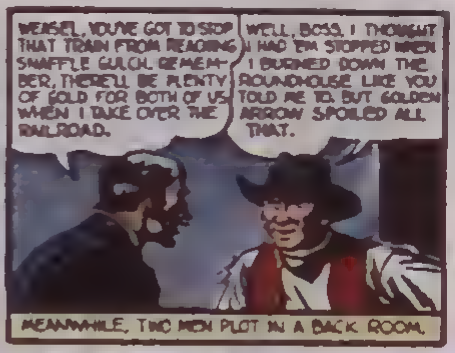
I GOT IT STARTED BY LUCK—BUT HOW DO YOU STOP IT?

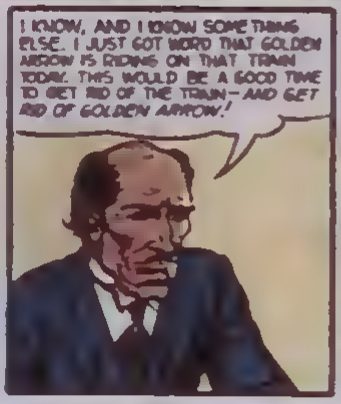
YOU STOP IT BY ——
THE RAILROAD MAN'S INSTRUCTIONS ARE DROWNED OUT IN THE NOISE OF THE SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE.

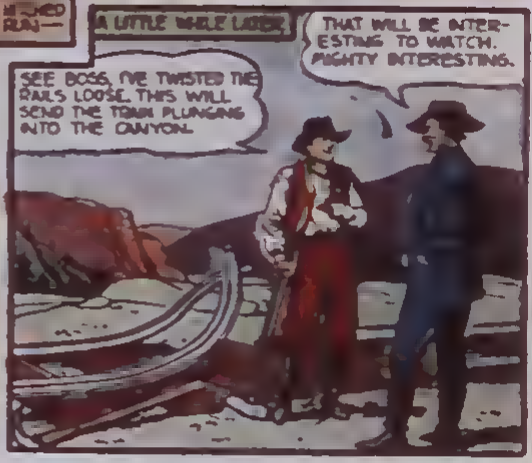

HE CAN'T HEAR ME, HE CAN'T STOP HER. THAT RUNAWAY ENGINE WILL JUMP THE TRACKS ON THE GRADE AND HE'LL BE KILLED — AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

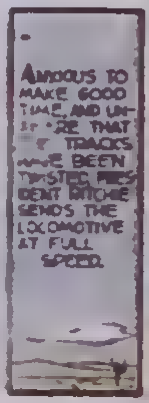
I'VE TRIED EVERY LEVER ON THIS THING AND THEY ALL SEEM TO MAKE IT GO FASTER. WISH YOU COULD STOP ONE OF THESE IRON HORSES JUST BY HOLLERING WHOA!
BUT GOLDEN ARROW'S FAITHFUL STEED, WHITE WIND, ISN'T GOING TO LET ANY KIND OF HORSE, FLESH OR IRON, RUN AWAY WITH HIS BELOVED MASTER IF HE CAN HELP IT.
THE FASTEST HORSE IN THE OLD WEST OVERTAKES THE STEAMING ENGINE.
WHITE WIND!
NICE GOING, WHITE WIND. REMIND ME TO BUY YOU AN APPLE.
RUN, BABY, RUN! WE'VE STILL GOT TO STOP THAT RUNAWAY!
COME ON, MR. RITCHIE, I'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE ON MY "IRON HORSE" -WE'VE GOT TO CATCH YOURS.
EVEN WITH THE BURDEN AND THE GREEN KID WHITE WIND IS ABLE TO OVERTAKE THE LOCOMOTIVE AND PRESENTLY GOLDEN ARROW IS ABOARD TO STOP THE RUNAWAY JUST IN TIME

MR. MAYOR, I'M GOING TO MAKE THAT RUN TO SNAFFLE GULCH OR KNOW THE REASON WHY.
AND WITH GOLDEN ARROW TO HELP YOU, I'LL BET YOU DO IT—GOOD LUCK!
THE RUNAWAY IS RETURNED TO TOWN AND HURRIED TO THE CRISIS THAT MAY BE IT'S FINAL RUN—


WEASEL, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THAT TRAIN FROM REACHING SNAFFLE GULCH. REMEMBER, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF GOLD FOR BOTH OF US WHEN I TAKE OVER THE RAILROAD.
WELL, BOSS, I THOUGHT I HAD 'EM STOPPED WHEN I BURNED DOWN THE ROUNDHOUSE LIKE YOU TOLD ME TO, BUT GOLDEN ARROW SPOILED ALL THAT.
MEANWHILE, TWO MEN PLOT IN A BACK ROOM.

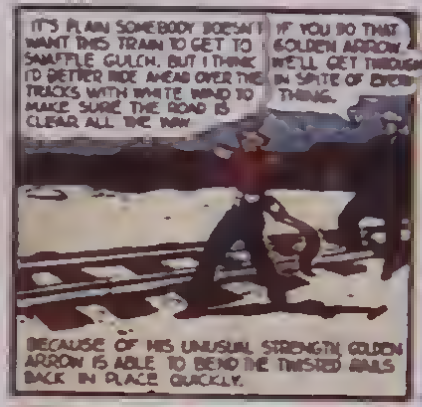

I KNOW, AND I KNOW SOMETHING ELSE. I JUST GOT WORD THAT GOLDEN ARROW IS RIDING ON THAT TRAIN TODAY. THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO GET RID OF THE TRAIN—AND GET RID OF GOLDEN ARROW!


A LITTLE WHILE LATER
SEE BOSS, I'VE TWISTED THE RAILS LOOSE. THIS WILL SEND THE TRAIN PLUNGING INTO THE CANYON.
THAT WILL BE INTERESTING TO WATCH. MIGHTY INTERESTING.


ANXIOUS TO MAKE GOOD TIME, AND UNAWARE THAT THE TRACKS HAVE BEEN TWISTED FREE, DENT RITCHIE SENDS THE LOCOMOTIVE AT FULL SPEED.

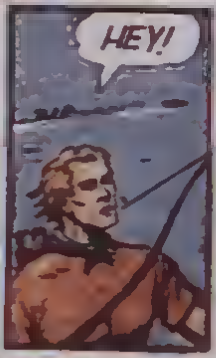
STOP THE TRAIN! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG ON THE TRACK AHEAD!"
BUT THE KEEN EYES OF GOLDEN ARROW TURNED TO FOLLOW THE TINY TRAILS THROUGH THE WOODS ALSO ARE ABLE

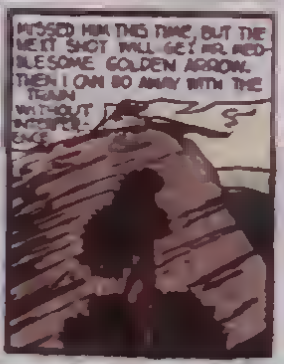
WHEW!
SCREAMING BRAKES BRING THE LOCOMOTIVE TO A HALT, BARELY INCHES FROM THE TWISTED RAIL....


IT'S PLAIN SOMEBODY DOESN'T WANT THIS TRAIN TO GET TO SAWFFLE GULCH. BUT I THINK I'D BETTER RIDE AHEAD OVER THE TRACKS WITH WHITE WIND TO MAKE SURE THE ROAD IS CLEAR ALL THE WAY.
IF YOU DO THAT GOLDEN ARROW WE'LL GET THROUGH IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING.
BECAUSE OF HIS UNUSUAL STRENGTH GOLDEN ARROW IS ABLE TO BEND THE TWISTED RAILS BACK IN PLACE QUICKLY.

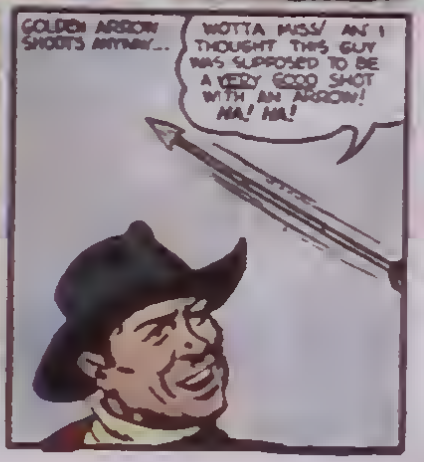
IT'S A GOOD THING I DECIDED TO BRING YOU FOR A RIDE, WHITE WIND. NOW YOU CAN GIVE ME A RIDE.

WHOEVER IS TRYING TO WRECK THAT TRAIN WON'T GET WITH JUST ONE TRY THAT'S CERTAIN!

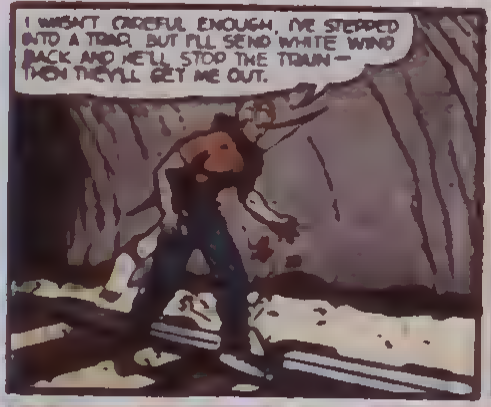

HEY!


MISSED HIM THIS TIME, BUT THE NEXT SHOT WILL GET HIS RED-SKIN SOME. GOLDEN ARROW. THEN I CAN GO AWAY WITH THE TRAIN WITHOUT INTERFERENCE.

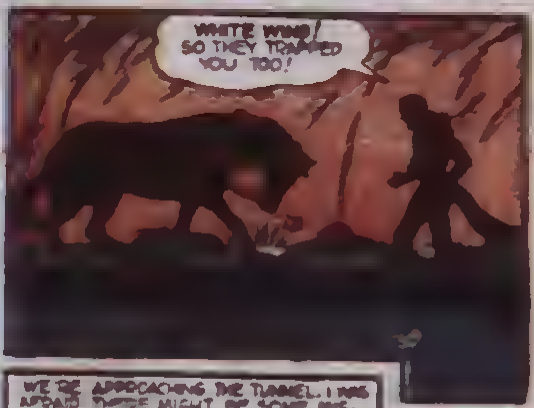
THAT FELLOW'S SO WELL HIDDEN BEHIND THE ROCK THAT I COULDN'T HIT HIM WITH AN ARROW EVEN IF I WANTED TO.

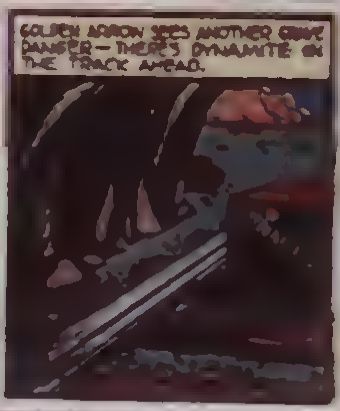

GOLDEN ARROW SHOOTS ANYWAY...
WOTTA MISS! AN I THOUGHT THIS GUY WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VERY GOOD SHOT WITH AN ARROW! HA! HA!

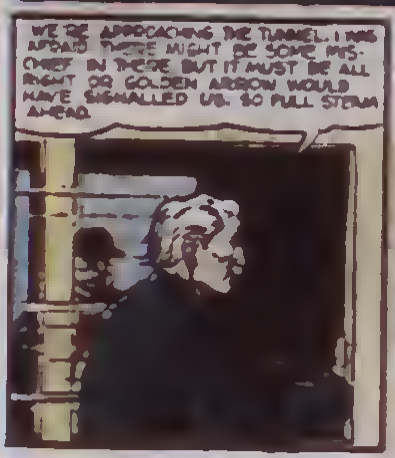
AND GOLDEN ARROW HITS EVERYTHING HE AIMS AT.
THIS IS THE THIRD TIME AND THE THIRD TIME IS CHARM—I WON'T MISS.
GOLDEN ARROW'S SHOT KNOCKS OFF A PIECE OF ROCK-TRUCKING ROCK THAT FALLS ON THE VILLAIN FOR A KNOCKOUT BLOW.
I THINK THAT GOT HIM, BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO INVESTIGATE. THAT TRAIN'S CATCHING UP WITH US AND WE'VE GOT TO SEE IF THE TRACK AHEAD IS CLEAR, SO LET'S GO, WHITE WIND.
IT'S SO DARK IN THERE, I'D BETTER WALK THROUGH AND TAKE IT SLOW. WE AIN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES OF YOUR STUMBLING IN THE DARK, WHITE WIND.
OUCH!
INSIDE THE PITCH-BLACK TUNNEL.

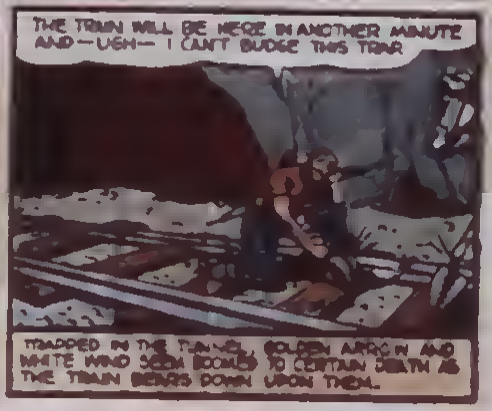

I WASN'T CAREFUL ENOUGH. I'VE STEPPED INTO A TRAP. BUT I'LL SEND WHITE WIND BACK AND HE'LL STOP THE TRAIN— THEN THEY'LL GET ME OUT.

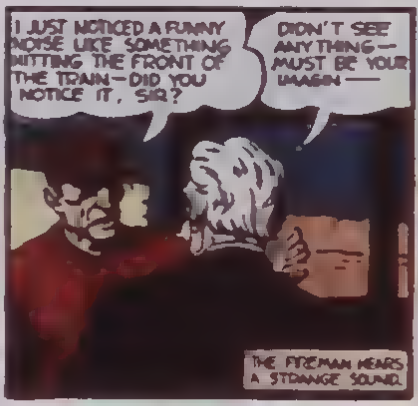
SNAP

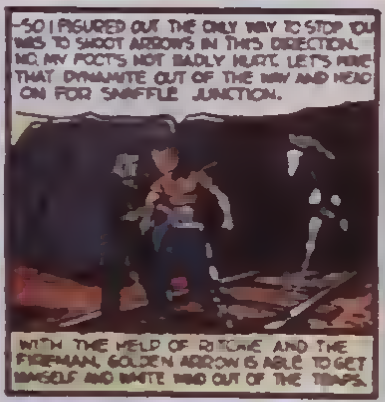

WHITE WIND! SO THEY TRAPPED YOU TOO!


GOLDEN ARROW SEES ANOTHER GRAVE DANGER— THERE'S DYNAMITE ON THE TRACK AHEAD.


WE'RE APPROACHING THE TUNNEL. I WAS AFRAID THERE MIGHT BE SOME MIS-CHIEF IN THERE BUT IT MUST BE ALL RIGHT OR GOLDEN ARROW WOULD HAVE SIGNALLED US. SO FULL STEAM AHEAD.

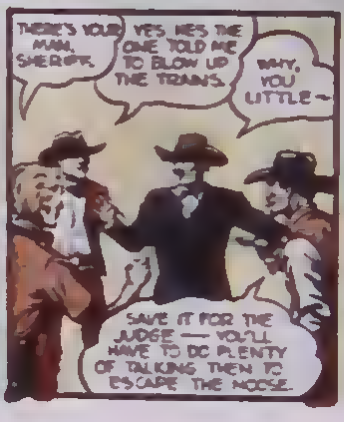

THE TRAIN WILL BE HERE IN ANOTHER MINUTE AND—UGH— I CAN'T BUDGE THIS TRAP
TRAPPED IN THE TUNNEL, GOLDEN ARROW AND WHITE WIND SEEM DOOMED TO CERTAIN DEATH AS THE TRAIN RUSHES DOWN UPON THEM.


I JUST NOTICED A FUNNY NOISE LIKE SOMETHING HITTING THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN—DID YOU NOTICE IT, SIR?
DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING—MUST BE YOUR IMAGIN—
THE FIREMAN HEARS A STRANGE SOUND.


—SO I FIGURED OUT THE ONLY WAY TO STOP YOU WAS TO SHOOT ARROWS IN THIS DIRECTION. NO, MY FOOT'S NOT BADLY HURT. LET'S MOVE THAT DYNAMITE OUT OF THE WAY AND HEAD ON FOR SNAFFLE JUNCTION.
WITH THE HELP OF RITCHIE AND THE FIREMAN, GOLDEN ARROW IS ABLE TO GET HIMSELF AND WHITE MANE OUT OF THE TRAPS.

A SHORT TIME LATER.
WELL, WE MADE THE RUN AND WE SAVED THE RAILROAD—THANKS TO YOU—GOLDEN ARROW.
GLAD TO HELP, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR THE RETURN TRIP—I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A FELLOW WHO TRIED TO USE ME FOR TARGET PRACTICE.
SNAFFLE JUNC

AND WHO HIRED YOU TO WRECK THE RAILROAD?
I'LL TELL, I'LL TELL—IT WASN'T MY FAULT, I—
GOING BACK OVER THE TRACKS GOLDEN ARROW FINDS THE MAN WHO SHOT AT HIM.


THERE'S YOUR MAN, SHERIFF.
YES, HE'S THE ONE TOLD ME TO BLOW UP THE TRAINS.
WHY, YOU LITTLE—
SAVE IT FOR THE JUDGE—YOU'LL HAVE TO DO PLENTY OF TALKING THEN TO ESCAPE THE NOOSE.

AND SO, GOLDEN ARROW AND HIS WHITE HORSE HAVE SAVED THE IRON HORSE. BUT MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES AWAIT THIS DARING PAIR IN NEXT MONTH'S

WHIZ COMICS

Lance O'casey

THEN WE TAKE THE SAIL AND...
SHUH! HE COMES NOW!

YES, SIR, ALL THE REST. THEY'LL REPORT AT ONCE, SIR

YES, TOM, WE TAKE THE SAIL AND GET THE GOLD!
SAILORS! HA WHAT A JOKE!

WHAT ABOUT THE BRIAN BOAT? I BETTER TAKE IT!
WE SAIL WITH THE AFTER-NOON TIDE
THAT SAME AFTERNOON, ON THE SCHOONER...

OKAY, CAPT'N, YOU SAIL THE BRIAN... AN I'LL STAY HERE
I'LL FOLLOW BEHIND YA - COME ON, MABEL!

SO LONG, LANCE.

YEEEE'S
LOOK... BOOM GOES AWAY!

ONE LESS, HENRI. FOR US TO OVERPOWER.
THAT EVENING ON THE HIGH SEAS!
THE TREASURE MAP! I MUST GET IT!
TOO BAD. BUT IT WAS SELF DEFENSE.
SOMEBODY HEARD THOSE SHOTS! I TAKE THE MAP AND GO QUICK.
MAYBE THEY WON'T FIND HIM TOO QUICK NOW.
SHOTS! FROM HERE! I THINK!
HELL! HERE!
FATHER!

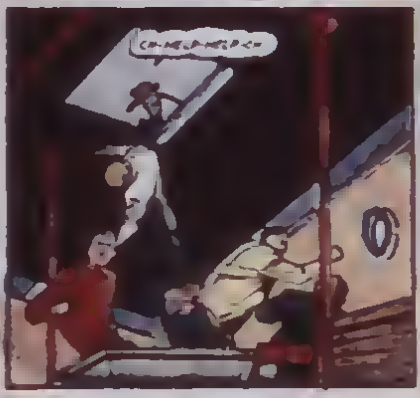
OOOH!
STEADY LANA, STEADY!

COME BACK HERE, MISTER HOGAN
I BETTER FOLLOW THAT MAN

HA! NO ONE SEES ME!

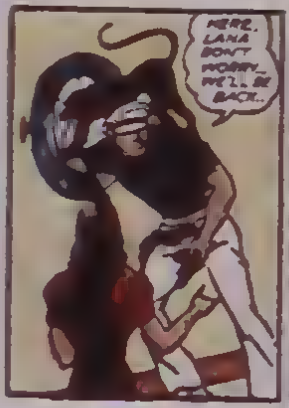
COME! WE TAKE THE SHIP NOW!
RACK!

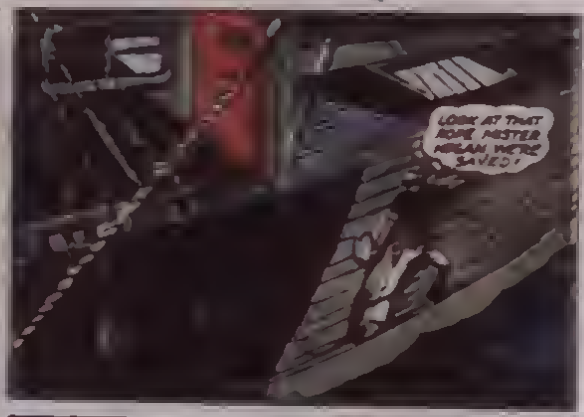
LOOK, THE CREW! LET'S JUMP 'EM!


CH-HE-CH-HE?

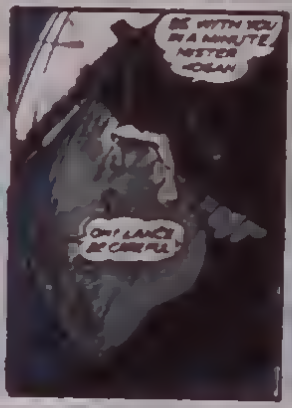
THERE! ALL OVER!
TIE 'EM UP, HENRI.

NOT YET WE MUST GET LANCE O'CASEY COME ON!
THE SHIP IS OURS!
OH (PUFF, PUFF) HELP, HELP!
IT'S MISTER HOGAN!
QUICK, LANA... BACK OUT OF RANGE! IT'S THE NEW CREW! MUTINY!
HEY, WE HAVE TAKE THE SHIP! GIVE UP!
TRY AND MAKE US!
YOU HAVE ONE HOUR TO GIVE UP THE STOREROOM KEY... OTHERWISE I TAKE IT
HERTZ-TO YOU!
IF I GET UP ON DECK, I MEAN SURPRISE 'EM


HERE, LANA DON'T WORRY, WE'LL BE BACK..

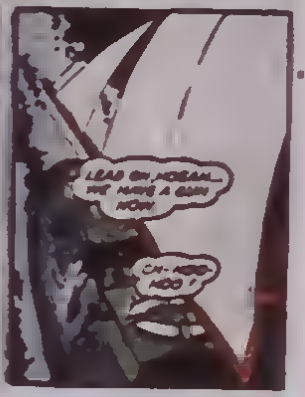

LOOK AT THAT ROPE MISTER MORAN, WE'RE SAVED!

YOU GET THAT ROPE DOWN AND I'LL CLIMB UP. UNDERSTAND?


BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, MISTER MORAN
OH! LANCE BE CAREFUL!

A BELAYING PIN! IT'S A WEAPON ANYWAY. SHHH.. SOMEONE'S COMING!

GRAB HIS GUN, MISTER MORAN!
WHO'S THERE?


LEAD ON, MORAN... WE HAVE A GUN NOW!
OH-HOO-HOO!

CO-CAN LOOK!

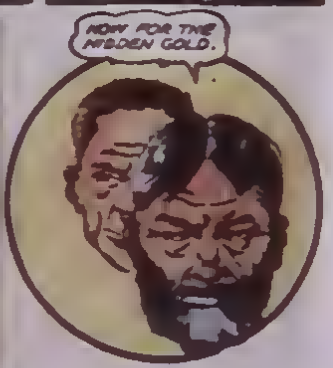
STAND BY FOR ORDERS, MISTER MOCAN!
HE TRAPPED, QUICK!

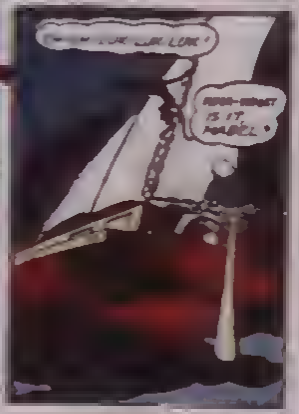
HA! THIS IS MY CHANCE!

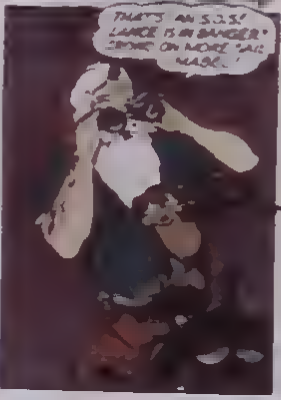
I'LL HAVE MY HAND THROUGH HIM IN THE CABIN!

WE'VE FINALLY GOT LANCE O'CASEY!

YOU BRUTE!
LANCE, WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU ON THE ISLAND NO CLUES THIS TIME, EH?

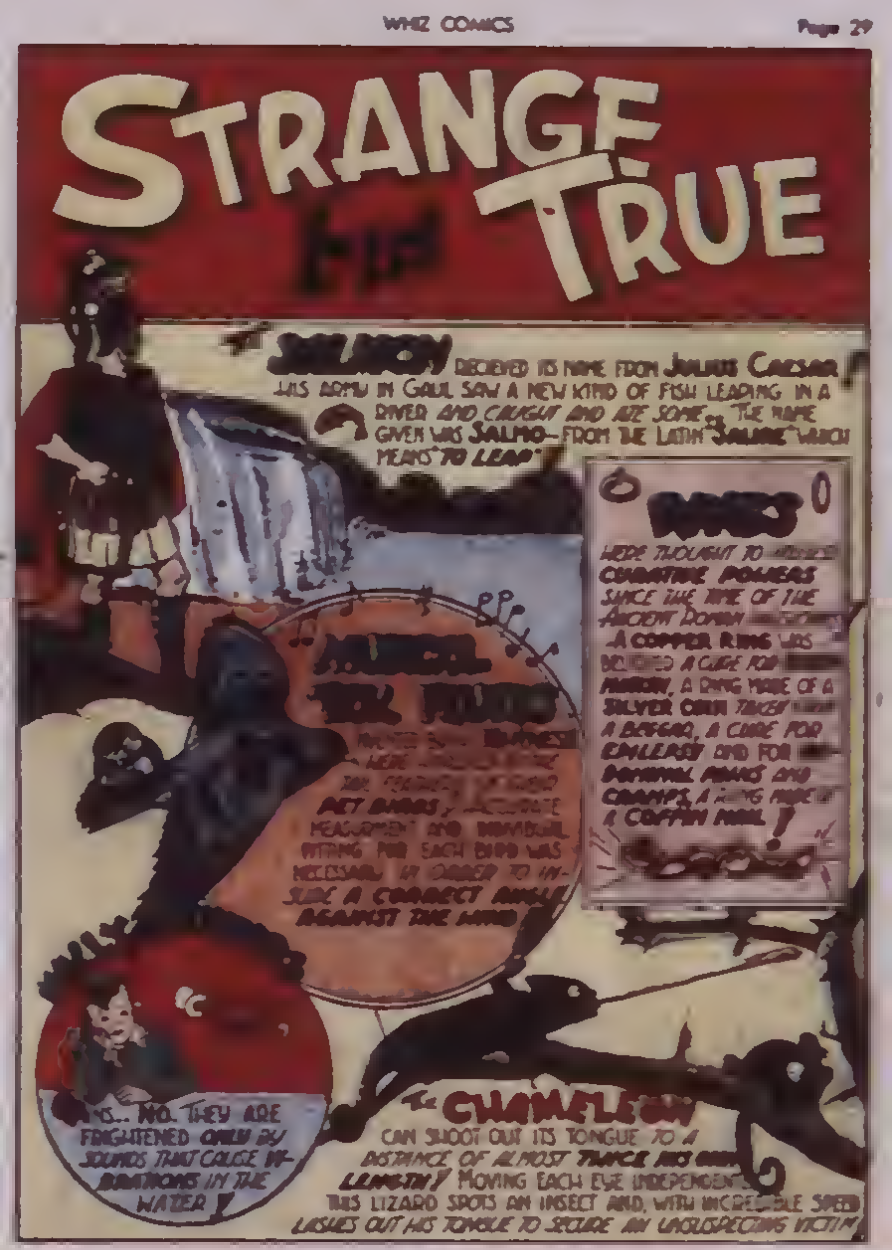

NOW FOR THE HIDDEN GOLD.





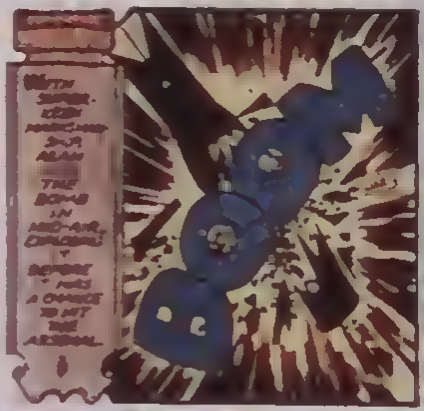
WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? CAN CAPTN DOOM RESCUE LANA AND LANCE? WILL WE ARRIVE IN TIME? ??? BE SURE AND READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIZ COMICS!

STRANGE TRUE


SALMON RECEIVED ITS NAME FROM JULIUS CAESAR. HIS ARMY IN GAUL SAW A NEW KIND OF FISH LEAPING IN A RIVER AND CAUGHT AND ATE SOME... THE NAME GIVEN WAS SALMO—FROM THE LATIN "SALIRE" WHICH MEANS "TO LEAP"
MAGIC
HERBS THOUGHT TO
CURATIVE POWERS
SINCE THE TIME OF THE
ANCIENT ROMAN
A COPPER RING WAS
A CURE FOR
A RING MADE OF A
SILVER COIN TAKEN
A BEGGAR, A CURE FOR
AND FOR
A RING MADE OF
A COFFIN NAIL!
MUSICAL "BIRD BRAINS"
HERE SHOWN
AND
ACCURATE
AND DRUMBEAT
WITH FOR EACH BIRD WAS
NECESSARY IN ORDER TO
A CORRECT ANGLE
AGAINST THE WIND
...NO. THEY ARE
FRIGHTENED
SOUNDS THAT CAUSE VI-
BRATIONS IN THE
WATER!
THE CHAMELEON
CAN SHOOT OUT ITS TONGUE TO A
DISTANCE OF ALMOST
MOVING EACH EYE INDEPENDENTLY!
THIS LIZARD SPOTS AN INSECT AND, WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED
LASHES OUT HIS TONGUE TO SECURE AN UNSUSPECTING VICTIM

SPY SMASHER
HERE NOW, MENACES AMERICA, A LARGE AND POWERFUL ORGANIZATION OF FIFTH COLUMNISTS KNOWN AS THE YELLOW SHIRTS OR BLITZES. BUT BEFORE THEY CAN CONQUER AMERICA THEY MUST FIRST GET BY SPY SMASHER!
THIS DAM IS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT AS IT SUPPLIES ONE OF THE LARGEST ARSENALS IN THE COUNTRY.
ACTUAL COUNTY TAFT'S NO SAUCASTER, BUT AND HIS FAMILY, ALAN ARMSTRONG, ON AN INSPECTION TOUR OF DEFENSE POST.

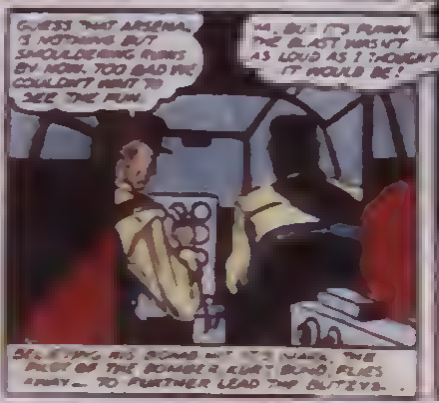
AND THIS DETECTOR IS SURELY TAKING AS RUMORED AS THAT HUMAN CAT IS AT HAVING THE PLANET RUN OF A PLANE MOTOR... AND PLANE COULD NOT OPERATE WELL OVER THIS PLACE WITHOUT THAT MAGIC KNOWING ABOUT IT...
I MEAN A PLANE WOULD HAVE TO BE MIGHTY SMALL AS NO MILITARY PLANES ARE SCHEDULED IN THIS AREA
BUT IT MUST BE A UNITED STATES ARMY BOMBER ... IT HAS THE MARKINGS
BUT WHEN A BOMB RELEASED FROM THE SECRETLY PREPARED PLANE HITS A MAGIC OBJECT...
SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE FALLING FROM THAT PLANE ... IT'S ... IT'S A BOMB!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, EVE... IT'S GOING TO HIT THE ARSENAL!
I USED TO BE A PRETTY GOOD DUCK HUNTER ... LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH ONE OF THESE JUMBO RIFLES
SHOULD BE ABLE TO HIT SOMETHING WITH THIS BEAR SHOOTER!

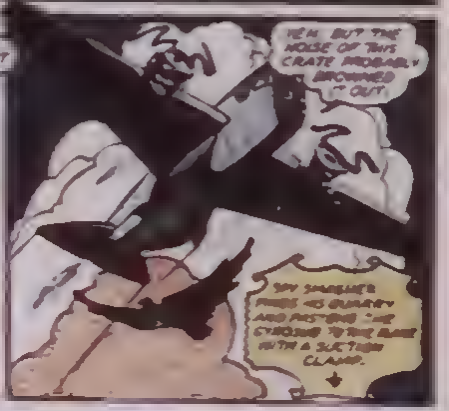

WITH SUPER-CUB MECHANIC JACK ALAN THE BOYS IN MECHANICAL CHROMIUM REPAIR THIS A CHANCE TO HIT THE ARSENAL

ONCE AGAIN YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, NOT TO MENTION THE ARSENAL. MY BOY, OUR BEEREST THANKS.
NO TIME FOR THANKS NOW... I JUST REMEMBERED I'VE GOT A DATE!
HM? SUPPOSED TO BE MY FIANCE AND HE'S GOT A DATE!

THIS IS ONE DATE I MUST DRESS FOR... IT'S A DATE WITH A BOMBER
ALTHOUGH IT'S CUSTOM TO OBEY A WHIM OF HIS CODENOT APHRODISIAC RECOMMENDS IT ALSO SPY SMASHER FEARLESS FOE OF RUTH COLLINGWOOD'S. AT THE MOMENT PLACE OF HIS WONDER SHIP... THE GYROSUB AND CHARLES COSTUME.

IF I CAN FIND THAT BOMBER I CAN CATCH IT — THIS LITTLE GYRO IS FASTER THAN THE FASTEST AIRPLANE MADE!


GUESS THAT ARSENAL IS NOTHING BUT SHOULDERING RUNS BY NOW. TOO BAD WE COULDN'T WAIT TO SEE THE FUN.
HA, BUT IT'S RUNNIN THE BLAST WASN'T AS LOUD AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE!
DISCARDING HIS BOMB HE TAKES THE PILOT OF THE BOMBER A LIGHT BLOW FLIES AWAY... TO FURTHER LEAD THE BUTTEVS..


YEH, BUT THE NOISE OF THIS CRATE PROBABLY DROWNED IT OUT.
SPY SMASHER FINDS HIS QUARRY AND RESTORES THE GYROSUB TO THE BASE WITH A SUCTION CLAMP.

HELLO, BOYS. THOUGHT I'D DROP IN FOR A CHAT.
SPY SMASHER!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU COME FROM BUT, YOU'RE NOT WELCOME!
SUCH HOSPITALITY! ...OR DON'T YOU ALLOW HITCH-HIKERS?
OKAY, SPY SMASHER, I'M GOING TO BLAST YOU!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SQUINTY BOY!
AS THE GUNNER FALLS, SPY SMASHER LEAPS HIGH ABOVE THE BULLETS.
I NEVER KNOW WHO BRING A HEEL, A HEEL!
HE HAS KNOCKED OUT BOTH MY HELPERS... I'M NOT FACING THAT GUY ALONE!
HURRY TELLS HIS CHANCE AND JUMPS!

WITH I LAND I SHALL MISS THE HOUND THROUGH OUR ORGANIZED COIL, AND MUST GET RID OF MY SAMARITAN!
I COULD CATCH HIM WITH THE GYRO SUB BUT THEN THIS PLANE WOULD CRASH...
... AND MIGHT KILL SOME INNOCENT PEOPLE DOWN THERE
THERE'S AN ARMY AIR PORT JUST AHEAD. I'LL SET HER DOWN THERE AND MAYBE UNCLE SAM WILL GIVE THESE TWO BOYS A VACATION AT AN INTERNMENT CAMP!
HEY, THEY'RE NOT BOMBERS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF U.S. MARKINGS THEY LOOK JUST LIKE THE JAPS TO BOMB THE ARSENAL!
I GOT A BEAD ON IT LIKE SHE WAS A CLAY PIGEON
THEN BLASTED RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BOMBERS 3 NOW PLOTTED BY A FRIEND, THE ARMY MEN PREPARE TO SHOOT...

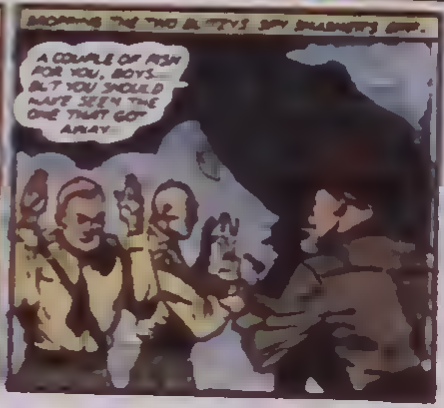
THE SUB...S PIPES THERE HERE.

HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS, BOYS... WE'RE GOING DIVING AND THERE'S NO WATER IN THIS SWIMMING POOL

I'VE GOT TO TRY TO GET THESE GUYS OUT OF THIS. IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO MESS UP SUCH PRETTY YELLOW SHIRTS.

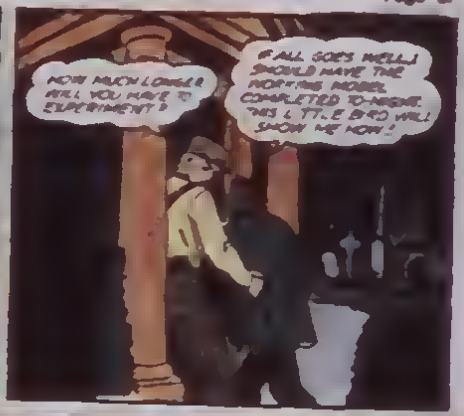
THIS IS WHAT I CALL A SLIGHTLY HARPOON SCARE... AT THE BEARD!

HEY, BOYS, I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF PRESENTS FOR YOU... CATCH!
IT'S SPY SMASHER!

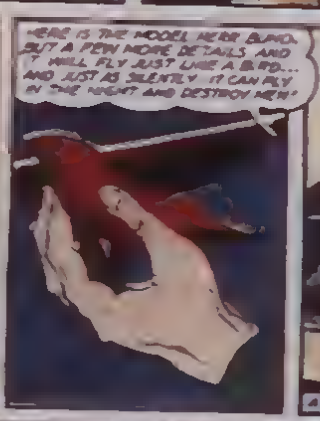

A COUPLE OF FISH FOR YOU, BOYS... BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY!

WELL, EVEN IF EVERY BLIND DOG GET AWAY, YOU SAVED THE ARSENAL AND PUT THEIR BOMBERS OUT OF COMMISSION
THOSE BOMBERS MAKE SO MUCH NOISE IT'S HARD TO SNEAK THEM OVER ANY OBJECTIVE, THE GYROSUB IS THE ONLY REALLY SILENT AIRPLANE EVER INVENTED AND, OF COURSE, IT'S TOO SMALL TO BE A BOMBER
OH, ALAN, LOOK AT THAT OLD MAN... NOW WELL HE HAS TAMED THOSE FALCONS!
EAT HEARTY, MY FEATHERED FRIENDS
IF EVERYBODY WAS AS KIND AS THAT OLD MAN, THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY WARS AND TROUBLES IN THE WORLD
BUT WITHIN A FEW MINUTES AFTER EVE AND ALAN WALK
YES, I HAVE GOT THE BIRD
ALL SET?
YES, I THINK I HAVE JUST THE RIGHT BIRD
GOOD, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE
YES, MY LITTLE FEATHERED FRIEND, YOU ARE GOING TO HELP ME KILL MEN... A LOT OF MEN! I HATE ALL HUMANITY!

GHOSTS BAH! THE ONLY GOOD MEN ARE DEAD MEN - MEN, MEN MEN!
ARE'NT YOU AFRAID OF GHOSTS TO HANG ABOUT SUCH A CREEPY SPOT?

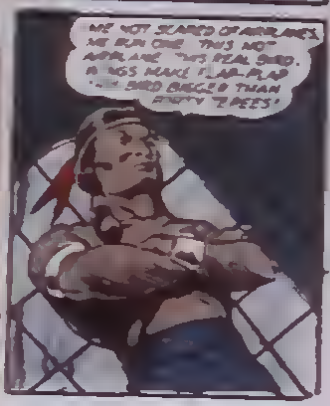

HOW MUCH LONGER WILL YOU HAVE TO EXPERIMENT?
AT ALL GOD'S WELL I SHOULD HAVE THE MORTISE MODEL COMPLETED TO-NIGHT. THIS LITTLE BIRD WILL SHOW ME HOW!

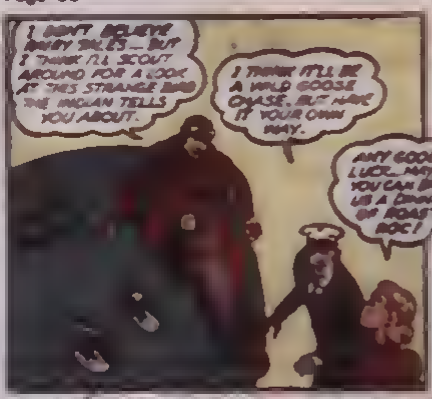
I'LL LIGHT THE CANDLE THEN I CAN SHOW YOU THE MODEL

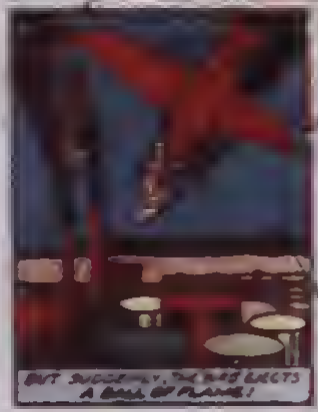

HERE IS THE MODEL HERR BUHO. BUT A FEW MORE DETAILS AND IT WILL FLY JUST LIKE A BIRD... AND JUST AS SILENTLY IT CAN FLY IN THE NIGHT AND DESTROY MEN!

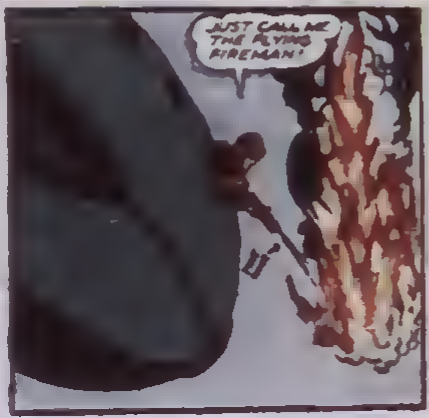
OH GREAT WHITE CHIEF, I COME TELL YOU WHAT BIRD FRIGHTENS MY PEOPLE ON RESERVATION
COME, COME NOW, RAMPING ELK DON'T TELL ME YOU FOLKS ARE STILL SCARED OF AIRPLANES

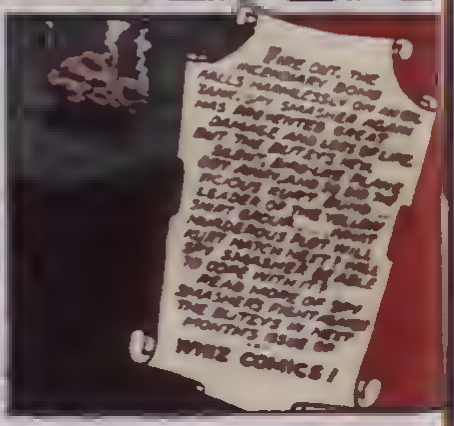
THE INDIAN HAS A STRANGE MESSAGE FOR ADMIRAL CORBY


WE NOT SCARED OF AIRPLANES WE RUN ONE THIS NOT AIRPLANE THIS REAL BIRD. WINGS MAKE FLAP-FLAP FLY BIRD EAGLED THAN FORTY 'P' FEES!

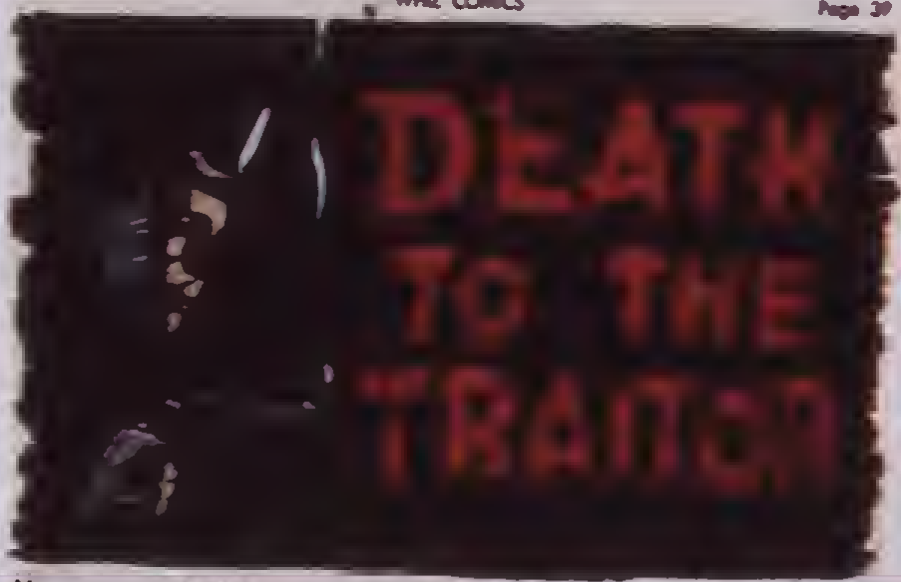








I DON'T BELIEVE FAIRY TALES — BUT I THINK I'LL SCOUT AROUND FOR A LOOK AT THIS STRANGE BIRD THE INDIAN TELLS YOU ABOUT.
I THINK IT'LL BE A WILD GOOSE CHASE. BUT HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY.
ANY GOOD LUCK — MAYBE YOU CAN BRING US A DINNER OF ROAST ROC!
BLUE SKY AND NOTHING APPARENT
BUT SUDDENLY, THE BIRD EJECTS A BALL OF FLAME!
THAT SHOULD GIVE THEM A FIRE THAT WILL LAST A WEEK... AND DESTROY A BILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF OIL!
BLUFF BIRD GLOATS OVER HIS ACHIEVEMENT...
BUT, THE SCOUTING SPY SMASHER HAS SIGHTED THE BIRD... WILL HE BE IN TIME?
SYBO YOU'VE GOT TO BREAK ALL SPEED RECORDS OR WE'LL BOTH BE BLOWN TO BITS!
JUST CALL ME THE FLYING FIREMAN!
FIRE OUT, THE INCENDIARY BOMB FALLS HARMLESSLY ON AN OIL TANK. SPY SMASHER AGAIN HAS PREVENTED GREAT DAMAGE AND LOSS OF LIFE. BUT THE BLITZYS ARE SILENT. ANOTHER PLANE OUT AGAIN AND IS THE VICIOUS BLUFF BIRD — LEADER OF THE YELLOW SHIRT GROUP. WHAT MURDEROUS PLOT WILL BLUFF HATCH NEXT? WILL SPY SMASHER BE ABLE TO COPE WITH IT? READ MORE OF SPY SMASHER'S FIGHT AGAINST THE BLITZYS IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF WHIZ COMICS!



Moreno was a traitor . . . and it is written that all traitors come to a just end . . .

By Lester Sumrall

"LISTEN TO ME, MEN. You all know me. I work in the mines the same as any of you. I don't come to you with one set of rules and then live by another. I'm one of you, a miner like the rest. What I'm telling you now is just as important to me as it is to you."

Raising his voice to almost a shout, the speaker strode to the very edge of the platform, and throwing out his hands in a dramatic gesture, yelled, "I say to you don't knuckle down to those mine lords any longer." Here Jerry Welch's speech was interrupted by shouts and cheers of approval. He had trouble to open getting started. For once the crowd had control of the meeting, it was loath to let it pass slip back to the speaker or to anyone else for that matter. The exodus that is up the outdoor meeting faced and quivered. Finally, Jerry managed to get himself heard.

"I say give us these outdoors that are engaged by men who don't work half as hard as we do, one an hour that is half as important to the economy as our work is, our half as dangerous to life and limb. You and I are living in shacks against which a slave cropper would rebel, housed by our paternalistic kind and interested company. Now don't forget—if the slave cropper should quit his job, an easy but his boss would be the wiser, but if we quit, the entire country would have to shut down in a few weeks, for without our coal the wheels of progress cannot turn. There—"

Suddenly, a shot rang out in the night air. The speaker, Jerry Welch, clutched at his breast, whirled around, and crashed to the improvised platform from which he had been addressing his fellow mine workers. Pandemonium broke loose. The meeting stopped as the soldier disorder. Jerry Welch was dead. Killed, not by an officer of the law, but by an assassin's bullet. The man who shot Jerry had been caught. Two witnesses swore that Sid Moreno had done the dirty deed. Sheriff Hanson, an honest public servant, questioned and searched Sid. He found a gun on the man—with one shell exploded. The barrel of the gun was still warm. Sheriff Hanson promptly arrested Moreno.

The trial dragged along. Moreno had the finest legal talent on his side. Here the got the judge, nobody could deny that. The important thing was that he had a. He, an ordinary miner like the rest of the men, even had a lawyer come all the way from New York to defend him. After endless delays and appeals and re-appeals, Moreno finally got off with a measly two months in prison. The little mining community reeled from the shock as from a plague. Their leader and friend, their fellow worker had been shot before their very eyes and no known murderer had been given a paltry two months in prison. The miner's dingy, unpainted

known hatred with suppressed excitement. Jerry had never had as much influence during his lifetime as now that he was dead.

The two months of Morton's sentence passed. After being let out of jail, he returned home. The mining community met him in absolute silence. The night of his return, a meeting of the central committee of the miners was held at Marvin Beasley's house. Silently the men of the committee filed into the miner's little abode. After a tense or less heated debate, Martin took the floor.

"We have no proof that Morton shot Jerry for pay," he announced. The assembled men looked him down.

"Mind you," continued Martin, "I don't say that he didn't, nor do I hold any more truck with Morton than any of you, but this charge of killing a man from his own ranks for money is so serious and hideous, that I think we should have absolute proof before we act." Several of the men objected to this reasoning as only delaying action and giving the killer a chance to gradually live down his unspeakable crime. Finally it was decided as a court results from one of Martin's relatives who had an important position in the miner's union office, as a town some thirty miles away. If Morton was guilty of the slaying of Jerry Welch for company money, he would certainly be called to the office, to receive his blood money, and again be summoned as a worker in the mine. The meeting adjourned to await the outcome of reports, if any, from Martin's relative at the union office.

A few days later, as the men were working in the bowels of the earth, looking away at the coal, word was whispered from man to man of the committee members, that another meeting would be held at Martin's that night.

"TONIGHT AT EIGHT! Tonight at eight!" was the extent of the message.

Promptly at the appointed hour, every man of the committee was sitting in Martin's combination living-bed room. A few found chairs, but most of them sat upon the edge of the bed.

"Morton has letter to the company office," said Martin in opening the meeting. The assembled men sat in tense silence. "He received a sum of money from President Ramon of the Mining Company," continued Martin. "How much, we do not know, but my sister saw Ramon give Morton money and heard him say, 'If we ever need you again, don't always come where this come from'."

One of the men now asked: "Have you anything else to tell us, Martin?"

"Yes," answered the spokesman of the meeting. "I have. The order has come through to re-instate Morton on Monday next." The men looked on with complete understanding, yet not one of them offered a word. Martin put a big family bible on the little table in the center of the room. He opened it at random and said:

"I am ready, boys, if you are."

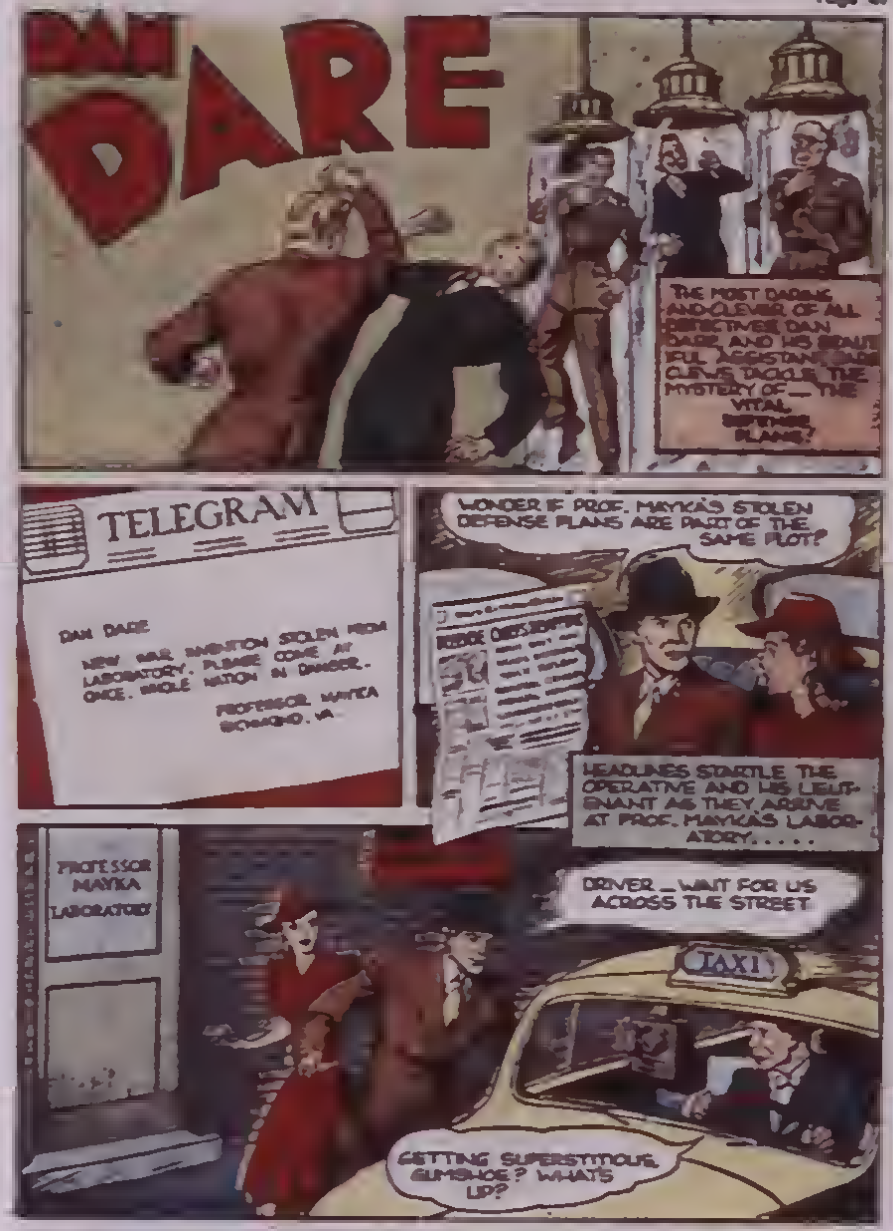
THE MINERS AROSE as one man and came forward to the table. Each man slowly placed his right hand on the bible and stood in absolute silence for some time, no one moving nor saying a word. A look of great solemnity had fallen upon the men. It was as though the spirit of the departed Jerry Welch were again addressing them, and they, as always, listened. Slowly, one after another, the men spoke a soft "Good night, Martin," and melted into the night.

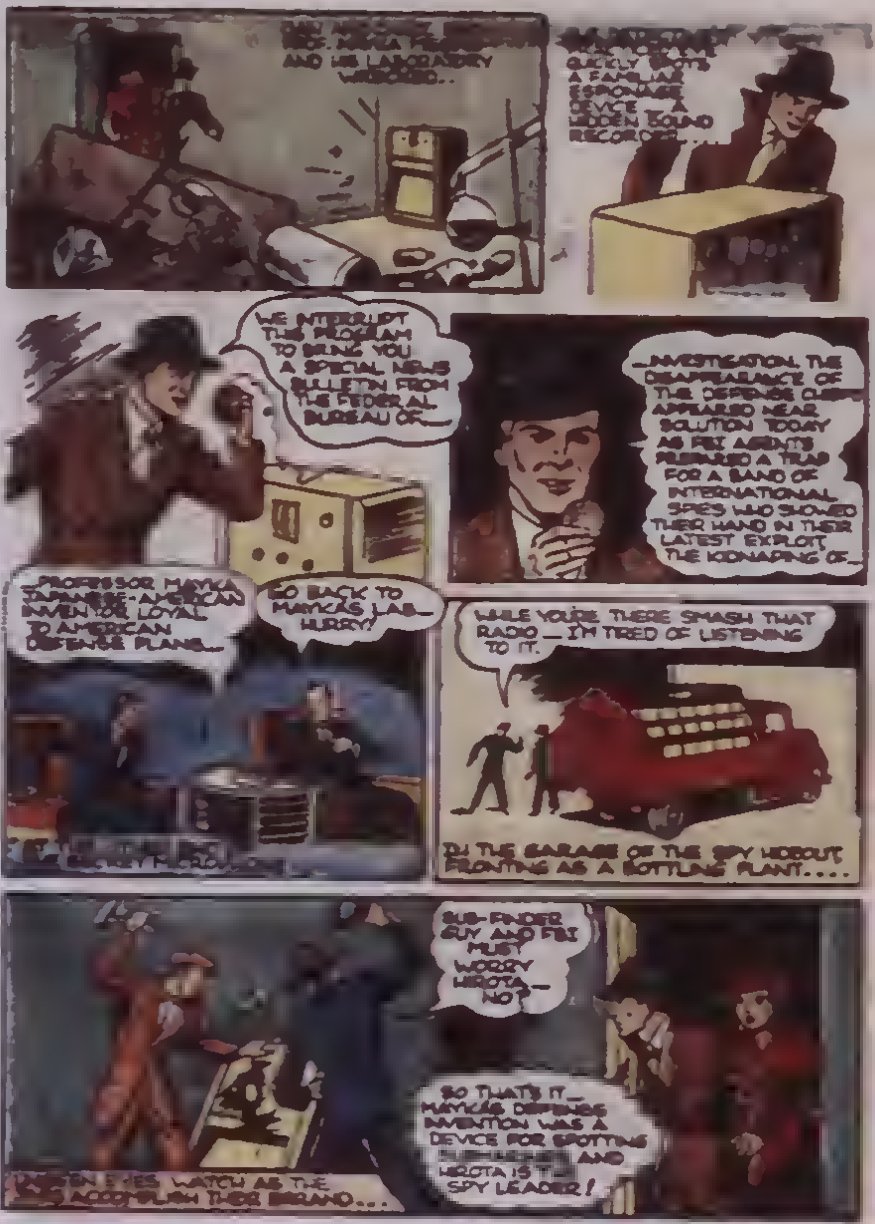
Monday morned and the men went down into the mine as usual. Sid Morton dully shoved up, and joined his former buddies, who were now like absolute strangers to him. Not one look of recognition was cast in his direction. If he felt this ostracism, he kept a remarkably well to himself, for not one flicker of remorse for what he had done showed on his coarse, brutal face. If anything, he rather resented whenever his work allowed him to get up off his knees. An ominous something, that grew thicker as the day wore on, hung over all. The close air of the mine gallery seemed more poisonous than usual. Burning eyes of hatred glared at Morton from all sides, yet outwardly all was the same as usual. The work went forward, and the tonnage wound from the walls of the mine gallery ever more up to par. Probably Morton was too blessed and brutal a being to sense this tension, for he was easily the most unconcerned man in the mine.

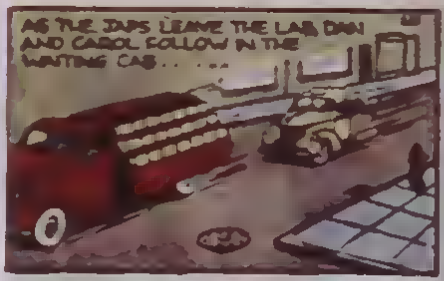
Toward noon, the group had advanced into a section of the gallery which held much loosened dust in its roof. Great heavy wooden uprights held these big dust rocks pressed against the roof and kept them from falling and crushing all in their wake. The men exchanged hurried glances. Morton had already forged ahead. In a trice the business end of a miner's pick, where, as one ever knew, one exited around the base of one of these upright. A baby pull and the great beam was yanked loose from its floor mooring. The great chunk of heavy dust, weighing tons, seemed to hang suspended for a moment, then broke loose from its surrounding members with a mighty roar. Morton glanced up and screamed as deadly fear as the gigantic mass crashed down upon him, snuffing out the light of his life.

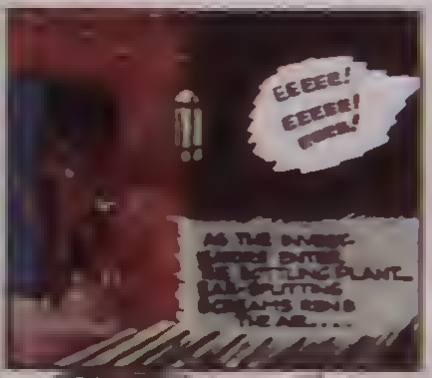
The next day a funeral cortege wound up the hill to the burial ground behind the mine. Not one miner or member of a miner's family so much as put their head out of the window to watch the funeral cortege pass by. All doorways in the tiny mining village were deserted. And on the body of Sid Morton, the man who had killed one of his men for pay, one already dropped into a nameless grave.

The End

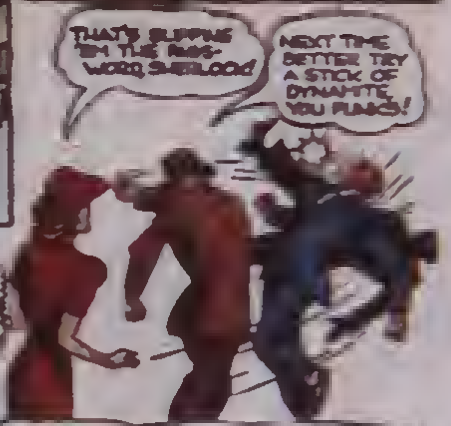

DAN DARE
THE MOST DARING AND CLEVER OF ALL DETECTIVES! DAN DARE, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT, JUNE CLEVE, TACKLE THE MYSTERY OF — THE VITAL DEFENSE PLANS!
TELEGRAM
DAN DARE
NEW WAR AMBITION STOLEN FROM LABORATORY. PLEASE COME AT ONCE. WHOLE NATION IN DANGER.
PROFESSOR MAYKA
RICHMOND, VA.
WONDER IF PROF. MAYKA'S STOLEN DEFENSE PLANS ARE PART OF THE SAME PLOT?
HEADLINES STARTLE THE OPERATIVE AND HIS LIEUTENANT AS THEY ARRIVE AT PROF. MAYKA'S LABORATORY.....
PROFESSOR MAYKA LABORATORY
DRIVER — WAIT FOR US ACROSS THE STREET
TAXI
GETTING SUPERSTITIOUS, GUMSHOE? WHAT'S UP?

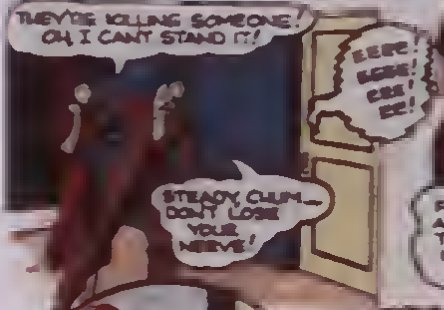

DR. MAYKA AND HIS LABORATORY WRECKED...
QUICKLY SPOTS A FAMILIAR ESPIONAGE DEVICE — A HIDDEN SOUND RECORDER...
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN FROM THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF—
—INVESTIGATION. THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE DEFENSE CHIEF APPEARED NEAR SOLUTION TODAY AS FBI AGENTS PREPARED A TRAP FOR A BAND OF INTERNATIONAL SPIES WHO SHOWED THEIR HAND IN THEIR LATEST EXPLOIT, THE KIDNAPING OF—
PROFESSOR MAYKA JAPANESE-AMERICAN INVENTOR, LOYAL TO AMERICAN DEFENSE PLANS...
GO BACK TO MAYKA'S LAB— HURRY!
WHILE YOU'RE THERE SMASH THAT RADIO — I'M TIRED OF LISTENING TO IT.
IN THE GARAGE OF THE SPY HIDEOUT, FRONTING AS A BOTTLING PLANT.....
SUB-FINDER GUY AND FBI MUST WORRY HIROTA— NO?
SO THAT'S IT— MAYKA'S DEFENSE INVENTION WAS A DEVICE FOR SPOTTING [illegible] AND HIROTA IS THE SPY LEADER!
[illegible] WATCH AS THE [illegible] ACCOMPLISH THEIR ERRAND....


AS THE JAPS LEAVE THE LAB DAN AND CAROL FOLLOW IN THE WAITING CAB.....


EEEEE!
EEEEE! EEEE!
AS THE ENEMY AGENTS ENTER THE BOTTLING PLANT... GAS-BUTTING BOMBARTS RUN IN THE AIR....

HEAR THAT SHRIEK, DAN! SOMEONE MUST BE IN TERRIBLE AGONY—WE MUST HURRY!
ONCE INSIDE—ALERT SENTRIES SPOT THEM.....


THAT'S SLIPPING 'EM THE RAG-WORD, SHERLOCK!
NEXT TIME, BETTER TRY A STICK OF DYNAMITE, YOU FLUNKY!


THEY'RE KILLING SOMEONE! OH, I CAN'T STAND IT!
EEEE! EEEE! EEE! EE!
STEADY, CLUM—DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE!

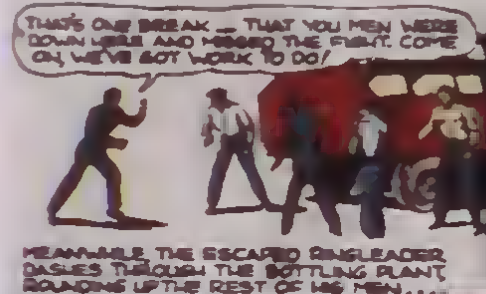
FOR THE LAST TIME, MANKA, YOUR PLANS AREN'T CLEAR—NEITHER IS THIS MOOBI—THAT'S WHY WE BROUGHT YOU HERE. NOW TALK—OR YOU DIE!
EEEEK! EEEEE-OW!

DAN SEES A SIGHT TO MAKE EVEN HIS BLOOD RUN COLD!

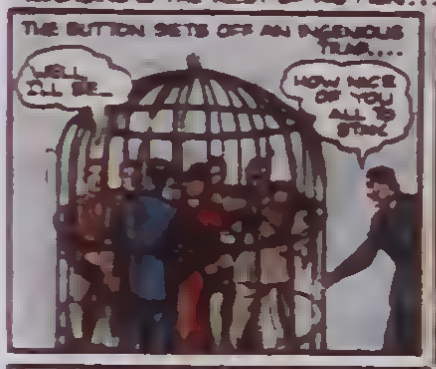
NEVER, HIROTA — I AM AN AMERICAN, NOT A BLIND TOOL OF YOUR POWER-MAD EMPEROR!
THEN DIE, DOG!
BALKED, THE SPY LEADER PUSHES A MYSTERIOUS BUTTON — REVEALING....
THIS IS THE DEATH CHAMBER. UNLESS MY PRISONERS OBEY MY WILL, THEY SLOWLY SUFFOCATE AS AIR IS PUMPED OUT OF THE BOTTLES.
I HAVE RESERVED THIS ONE FOR YOU. YOUR CO-WORKERS WOULDN'T TALK EITHER, AND THEY—
—ARE NOW SUFFOCATING. GENERAL CROSBY, ADMIRAL HOWARD, COMMANDER HENLEY AND YOURSELF WILL SOON BE CORPSES.
COME ON, CAROL— NOW'S OUR CHANCE
I'M WITH YOU, BIG BOY— LEAD THE WAY!
DARE IS THE NAME, HIROTA — AND I DARE YOU TO GET OUT OF THIS!
YOU SHALL DIE, TOO, FOOLISH ONE!

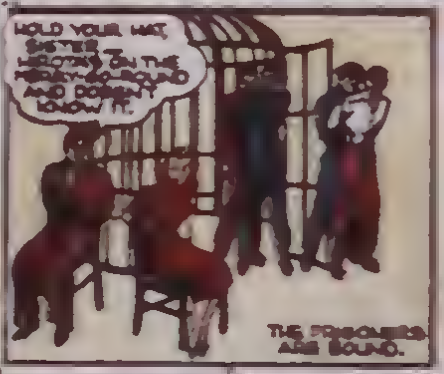
WHILE DANS KEEPING THE BOYS BUSY I HAVE WORK TO DO
GOD BLESS YOU, GIRL!
DON MENTION IT, GENERAL — JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO TRY YOUR HAND ON THE
I THINK DAN COULD USE A LITTLE HELP ABOUT NOW.
GUESS I BIT OFF THE WHOLE JAP ARMY!
CAROL TAKES THE LAST OF THE PRISONERS.
WHAT IS A SPY RING ALONG SIDE OF THE COMBINED FORCE OF THREE BRANCHES OF THE SERVICE, EH, COMMANDER?
JUST IN TIME, THE DEFENDERS MAKE THEIR INFLUENCE FELT....
THE ARMY, THE NAVY, THE AIR CORPS TO THE RESCUE!
BRAVE WORK, MY BOY — THE SITUATION SEEMS TO BE IN HAND.
I HAVE BUNGLED — BUT NOT FOR LONG!
HIROTA, LEADER OF THE SPY RING, SLIPS AWAY — UNNOTICED.. ...

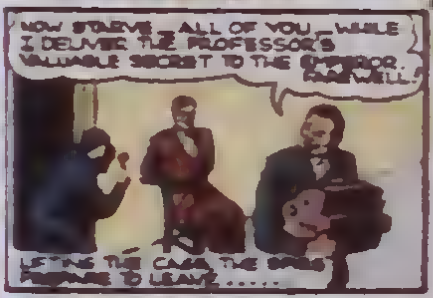
THE SUB-FINDER PLANE! STOP!
HALT—OR I'LL TOSS A HAND GRENADE!
I'VE GOT TO HEAD HIM OFF!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
ONE OF THE JAPS GETS AWAY WITH THE SECRET PLANE.
SO THAT'S HOW THEY OPERATE... THAT JAP IS SPEEDING AROUND A SUBMARINE WITH THE SECRET PLANE!
HE GOT AWAY IN A SUB—CAN YOU SPOT IT, PROF. MARKA?
EASILY, WITH MY SUB-FINDER MODEL HERE.
THAT SUB IS NOW AT LATITUDE... LONGITUDE—.
GOOD! WITH THIS SENDING SET I'LL NOTIFY THE CRUISER RELIANCE.
THAT'S THE END OF THE JAP SUB—THANKS TO YOUR INVENTION AND YOUR LOYALTY TO UNCLE SAM, PROF. MARKA!



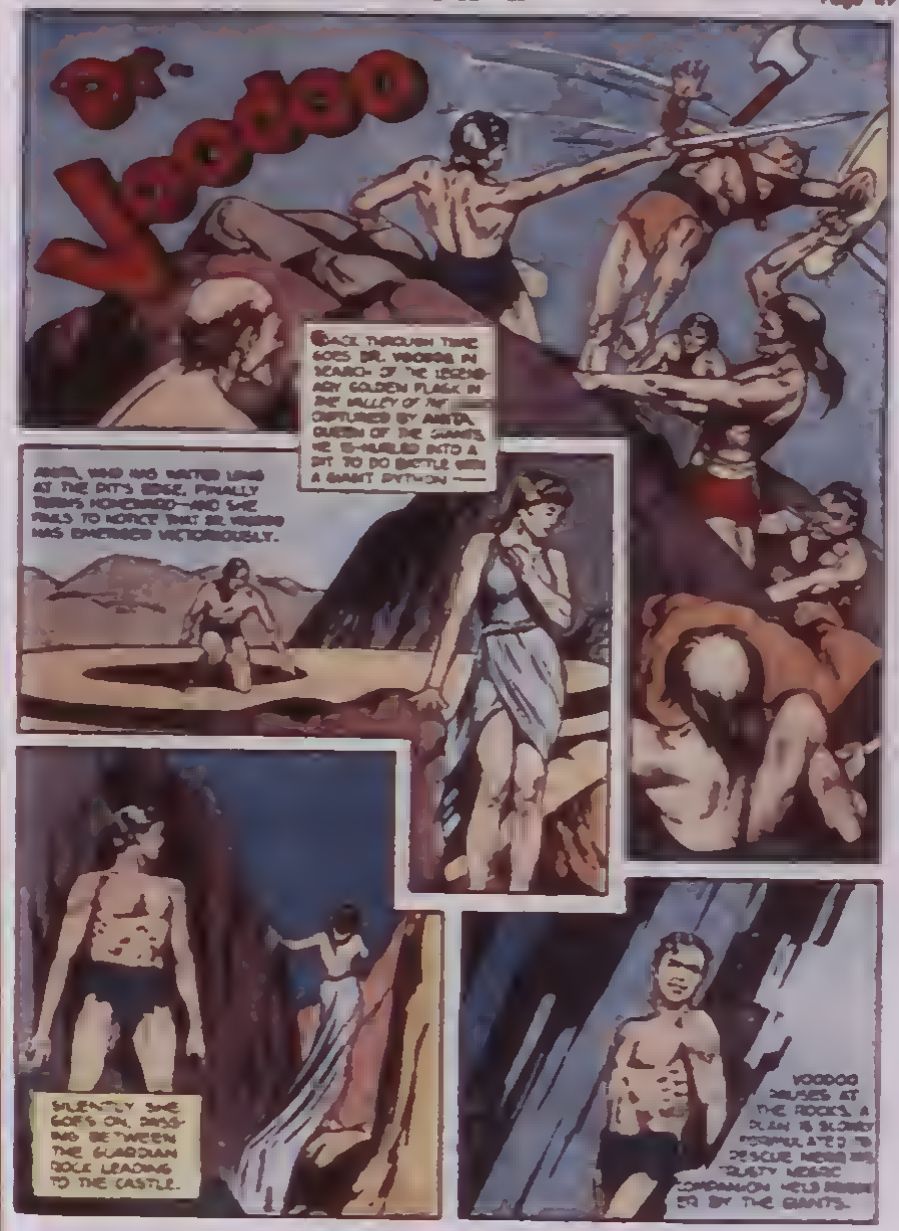
MEANWHILE THE ESCAPED RINGLEADER DASHES THROUGH THE BOTTLING PLANT ROUNDING UP THE REST OF HIS MEN...

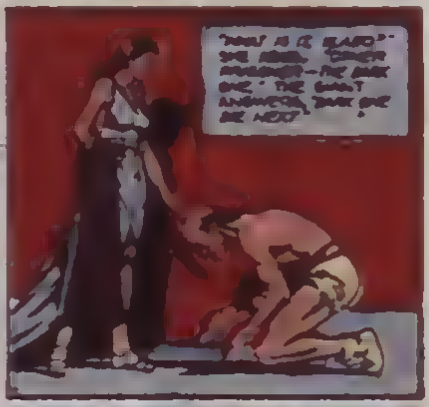


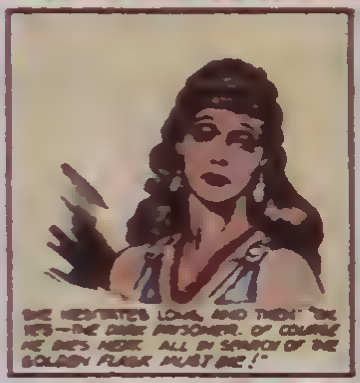


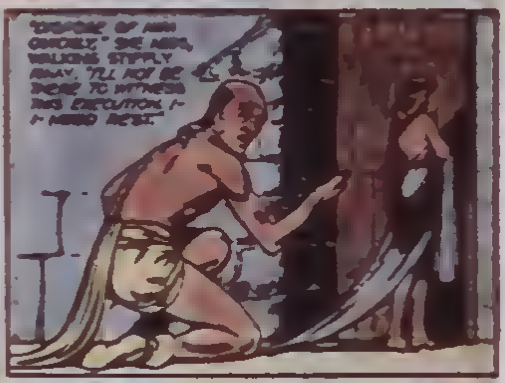

NOW STARVE — ALL OF YOU — WHILE I DELIVER THE PROFESSOR'S VALUABLE SECRET TO THE EMPEROR. FAREWELL!
LEAVING THE CAGE, THE SPIES PREPARE TO LEAVE.....

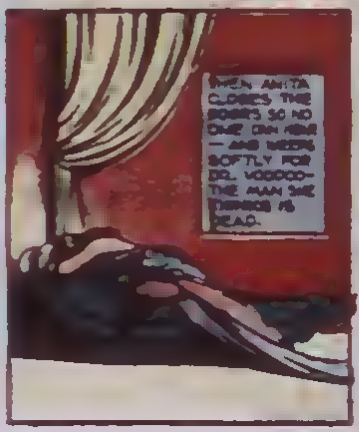
BACK YOUR CHAIR UP TO MINE, CAROL..
YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, HAWKSHAW!
WITH NIMBLE FINGERS DAN LOOSENS CAROL'S BONDS.....
READY MEN? NOW FOR THE LAST ROUNDUP!
ONCE FREE, DAN AND HIS ALLIES LEAP TO THE FRAY.....
I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN YEARS!
HELP YOURSELF TO A LITTLE STARDUST HERCIE
YOU WIN THE BABY DOLL ON THAT SHOT, PAL!
OUR GOVERNMENT OWES MUCH TO YOU AND CAROL, DAN, FOR YOUR BRAVE, INTELLIGENT ACTION— AND TO YOU, PROFESSOR, FOR YOUR BRILLIANT INVENTION AND YOUR UNSWERVING DEVOTION TO YOUR COUNTRY.
TELEGRAM
DAN DARE MYSTERIOUS KILLER KNOWN ONLY AS THE SPIDER, HAS THREATENED MY LIFE. DATE SET FOR DEATH... WORRIED. PLEASE COME AT ONCE.
DR. MORBUS HOWE

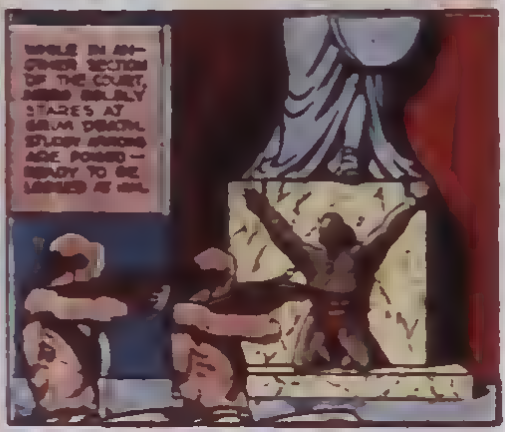

Dr. Voodoo
BACK THROUGH TIME GOES DR. VOODOO IN SEARCH OF THE LEGENDARY GOLDEN FLAME IN THE VALLEY OF THE CAPTURED BY ARETA, QUEEN OF THE GIANTS, HE IS HURLED INTO A PIT TO DO BATTLE WITH A GIANT PYTHON —
ARETA, WHO HAS WATCHED FROM AT THE PIT'S EDGE, FINALLY TURNS HOMEWARD—AND SHE FAILS TO NOTICE THAT DR. VOODOO HAS EMERGED VICTORIOUSLY.
SILENTLY SHE GOES ON, PASSING BETWEEN THE GUARDIAN IDOLS LEADING TO THE CASTLE.
VOODOO MUSES AT THE ROCKS A PLAN IS SLOWLY FORMULATED TO RESCUE MERRIN AND TRUSTY MEDIC COMPANION HELD PRISONER BY THE GIANTS.

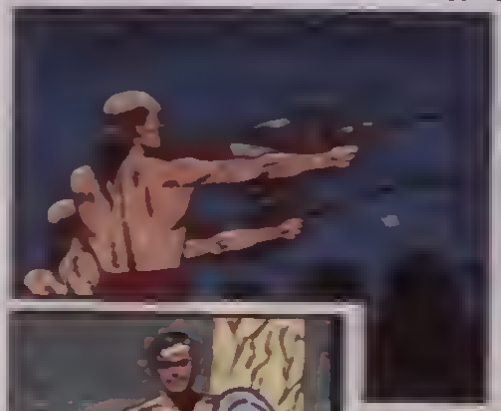

"WHAT IS IT, BLANCO?" SHE ASKED. "DON'TCHA REMEMBER—THE DARK ONE. THE GIANT NEGRO? DARK ONE BE NEXT!"

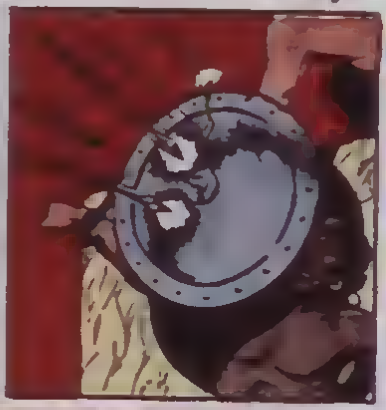

SHE HESITATES LONG AND THEN: "OH, YES—THE DARK PRISONER. OF COURSE HE SHE'S NEXT. ALL IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN FLASK MUST DIE!"


"STRANGE OF HIM CHUCKLE," SHE MUSE, WALKING STEPPY AWAY. "I'LL NOT BE THERE TO WITNESS HIS EXECUTION. / / HEHEHEHEE!"


WHEN ANITA CLOSES THE DOORS SO NO ONE CAN HEAR — AND WHISPERS SOFTLY FOR DR. VOODOO— THE MAN SHE THINKS IS DEAD.


WHILE IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE COURT, HEBRO BRUTALLY STABBES AT GRUM DIGITAL STUDIES AMONG HOW POWER— READY TO BE LAUNCHED AT GIRL

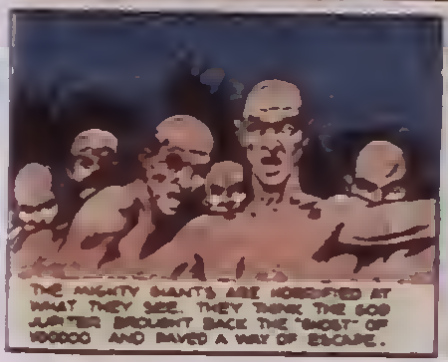




THE SHRINE OF ASHTEBI WAS SHUNNED TO ONE SIDE, AND FROM THE HIDDEN TUNNEL BEHIND IT STEPS DR. VOODOO. "MESSIRE HERO," HE WHISPERED, "WE'VE GOT THEM PUZZLED AT THE MOMENT."

A SUDDEN FLASH OF STEEL AND NERO IS FREE.

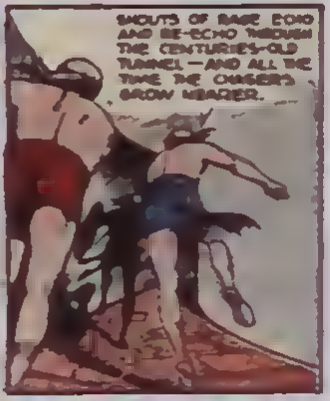
"QUICK! WE SHALL DESTROY THEY GATHER FROM MORE!"

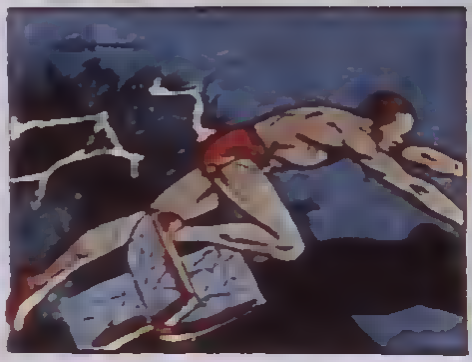


THE MIGHTY GIANTS ARE HORRIFIED AT WHAT THEY SEE. THEY THINK THE GOD JUPITER BROUGHT BACK THE "GHOST" OF VOODOO AND MAKES A WAY OF ESCAPE.

THE ENRAGED CREATURES LOSE NO TIME. GRASPING THEIR WEAPONS TIGHTLY, THEY CHARGE AT THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE, YELLING FOR REVENGE.

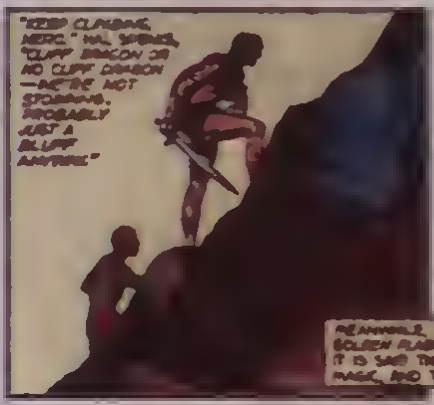
WHILE INSIDE THE DARKENED ROUNDHOUSE THE TWO "CAPTIVES" RACE MADLY ALONG. "MOW-" ASKS NERO, HADLY ABLE TO BREATHE. "STAY. HE'S FREE."

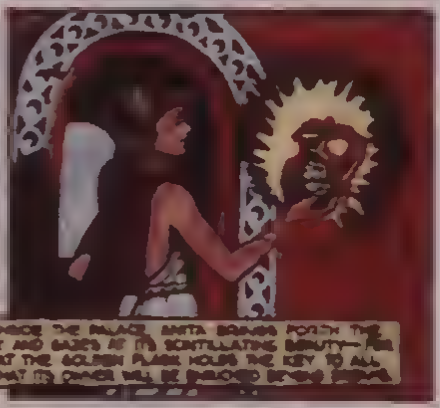

SHOUTS OF RAGE ECHO AND RE-ECHO THROUGH THE CENTURIES-OLD TUNNEL—AND ALL THE TIME THE CHARGERS GROW NEARER.



"GO ON, MASTER," SPEAKS NERO, "I'LL COME LATER." BUT DR. VOODOO KNOWS BETTER—AND HE STANDS BRAVELY TO MEET THE ONCOMING HORDE.

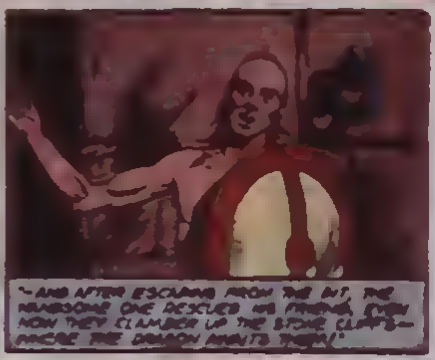
VALIANTLY HAL STANDS OFF THE GIANTS AS HE AND NEGRO BACK TOWARD THE TUNNEL EN-
"UP INTO THE CLIFFS, NEGRO!" YELLS VOODOO. "CAN'T KEEP THIS UP MUCH LONGER."
"BY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE US NOW," GASPS HUSKY NEGRO. BUT VOODOO THRUSTS STRAIGHT AGAIN AND AGAIN HIS TRUSTY SWORD DEALS OUT DEATH TO THE PURSUERS.
WHEN, WITHOUT EXPLANATION, THE GIANTS HASTILY CEASE ALL PRETENSE, AND LIKE FRIGHTENED BEINGS THEY SCAMPER BACK TO THE GROUND.
"COME BACK!" THE HUGE FELLOW WARNS HIS MEN, "LET THEM GO — THE CLIFF DRAGON WILL FINISH THEM!"



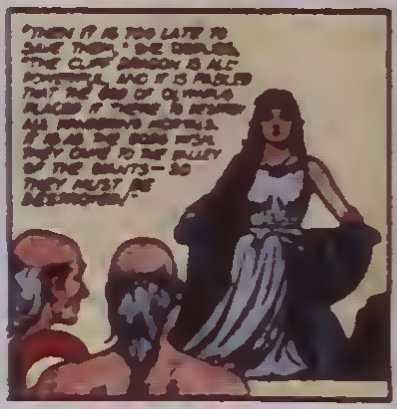


MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE PALACE, ANITA BRINGS FORTH THE GOLDEN FLASK AND GAZES AT ITS SCINTILLATING BEAUTY—FOR IT IS SAID THAT THE GOLDEN FLASK HOLDS THE KEY TO ALL MAGIC, AND THAT ITS OWNER WILL BE ENDOWED BEYOND EARTHLY

AT THAT MOMENT THE GIANTS RUSH BOLDLY IN, BRINGING NEWS OF VOODOO'S ESCAPE.



"—AND AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE PIT, THE HANDSOME ONE RESCUED HIS FRIENDS, AND NOW THEY CLAMBER UP THE STONE CLIFF'S— INSIDE THE DRAGON AWAITS THEM!"


"THEN IT IS TOO LATE TO SAVE THEM," SHE SHRIEKS. "THE CLIFF DRAGON IS ALL POWERFUL, AND IT IS FABLED THAT THE GOD OF OLYMPUS PLACED IT THERE TO REMAIN AS INVINCIBLE AS POSSIBLE. IF IT IS AS THE GODS WISH, THEY CAME TO THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS— SO THEY MUST BE DESTROYED!"

IBIS
THE INVINCIBLE

PRINCE IBIS RETURNING TO LIFE AFTER 2000 YEARS IN HIS EGYPTIAN TOMB, DEDICATES THE WHITE MAGIC OF THE IBIS TO SAVING THE MODERN WORLD FROM EVIL— JUST HOW HE HAS BEEN SUMMONED TO A MYSTERIOUS CONFERENCE BY A HIGH ARMY CHIEF.

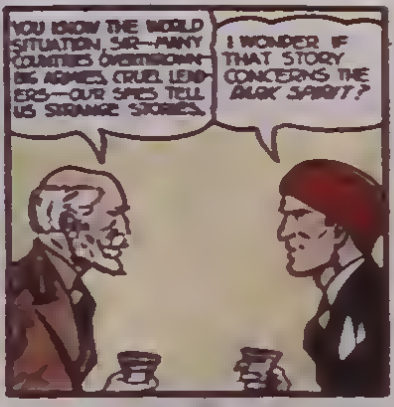
I AM PRINCE IBIS. GENERAL SERVISS SENT ME A LETTER ASKING ME TO MEET HIM HERE.

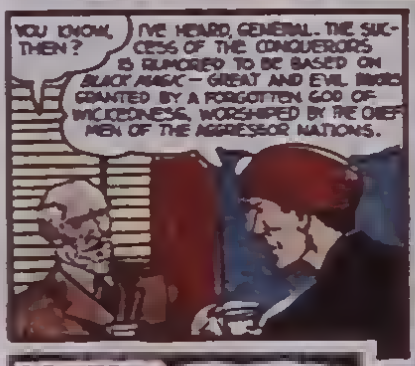
COME IN, YOUR HIGHNESS. THE GENERAL EXPECTS YOU.

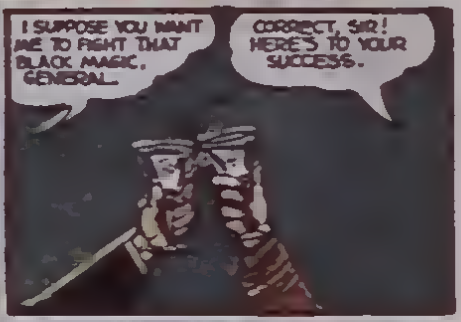
THIS IS A PLEASURE, GENERAL SERVISS.

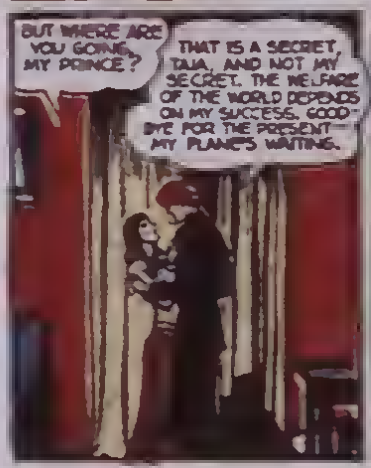
PLEASURE'S ALL MINE, SIR— GOVERNMENT HAS A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU— HARD TO EXPLAIN, HARDER TO PULL OFF.

I WILL DO WHAT I CAN FOR THE GOVERNMENT. YOU APPARENTLY KNOW THE MAGIC POWER OF MY IBISTICK.
RIGHT— I KNOW IT WELL — GREAT FORCE— BUT NONE TOO MUCH FOR THIS JOB.


YOU KNOW THE WORLD SITUATION, SIR—MANY COUNTRIES OVERTHROWN— BIG ARMIES, CRUEL LEADERS—OUR SPIES TELL US STRANGE STORIES.
I WONDER IF THAT STORY CONCERNS THE BLACK SABBAT?

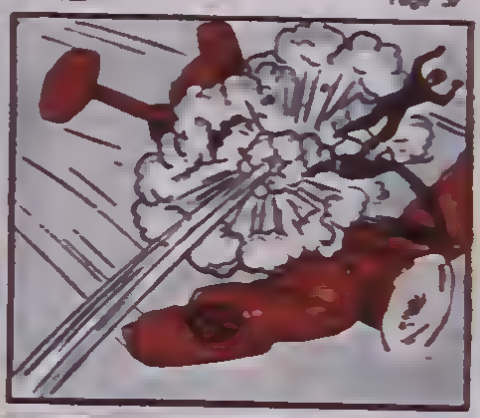

YOU KNOW, THEN?
I'VE HEARD, GENERAL. THE SUCCESS OF THE CONQUERORS IS RUMORED TO BE BASED ON BLACK MAGIC — GREAT AND EVIL BOONS GRANTED BY A FORGOTTEN GOD OF WICKEDNESS, WORSHIPED BY THE CHIEF MEN OF THE AGGRESSOR NATIONS.


I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO FIGHT THAT BLACK MAGIC, GENERAL.
CORRECT, SIR! HERE'S TO YOUR SUCCESS.


BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRINCE?
THAT IS A SECRET, TALIA, AND NOT MY SECRET. THE WELFARE OF THE WORLD DEPENDS ON MY SUCCESS. GOOD-BYE FOR THE PRESENT— MY PLANE'S WAITING.

HE IS GONE—BUT HE LEFT HIS ALL-SEEING CRYSTAL, WHICH WILL HELP ME FOLLOW AND HELP

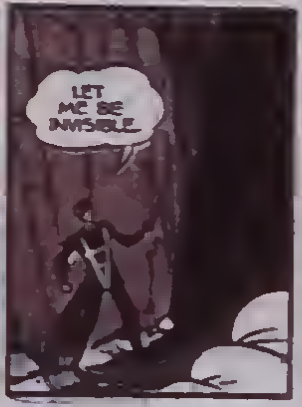
THAT PLANE—IT'S NOT ONE OF OURS. SHOOT IT DOWN!
I NEVER MISS.
IBIS FLIES ACROSS THE OCEAN, AS HE NEARS THE SHORE, DEFENSES OF THE CONQUERORS—



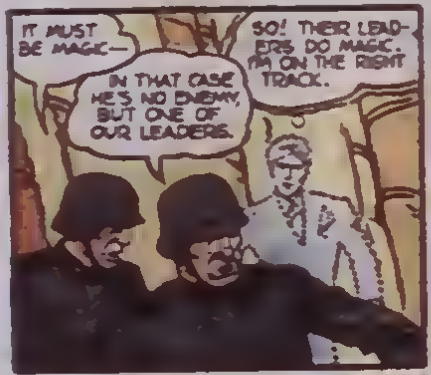
IBIS TICK! GIVE ME A PARACHUTE AT ONCE!

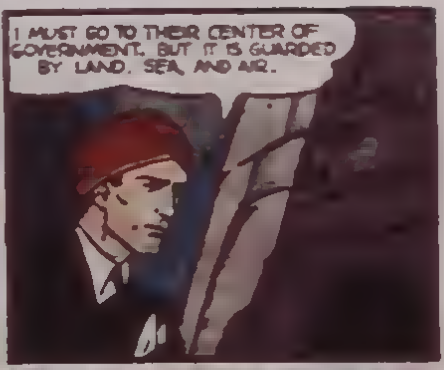
YOU ARE OUR PRISONER!
I DON'T THINK SO. IBISTICK—OPEN THE GROUND FOR ME.

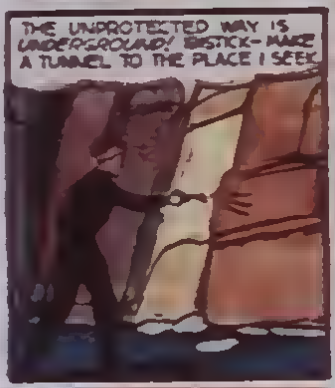
THE EARTH CRACKS OPEN!
YES, IDIOT, AND OUR PRISONER ESCAPES INTO THE CRACK. CLIMB DOWN AFTER HIM.


LET ME BE INVISIBLE

IBIS SEEMS TO VANISH BEFORE THE ENEMY'S EYES.

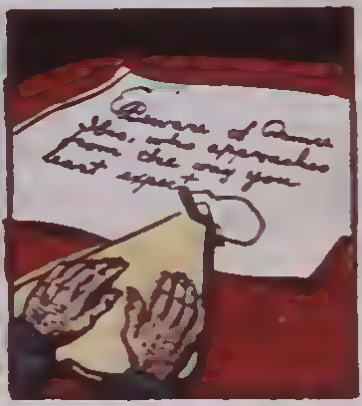

IT MUST BE MAGIC—
IN THAT CASE HE'S NO ENEMY, BUT ONE OF OUR LEADERS.
SO! THEIR LEADERS DO MAGIC. I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK.


I MUST GO TO THEIR CENTER OF GOVERNMENT. BUT IT IS GUARDED BY LAND, SEA, AND AIR.


THE UNPROTECTED WAY IS UNDERGROUND! BESTICK-MAKE A TUNNEL TO THE PLACE I SEEK.

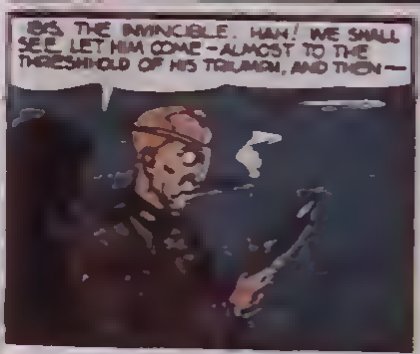
SO FAR SO GOOD—

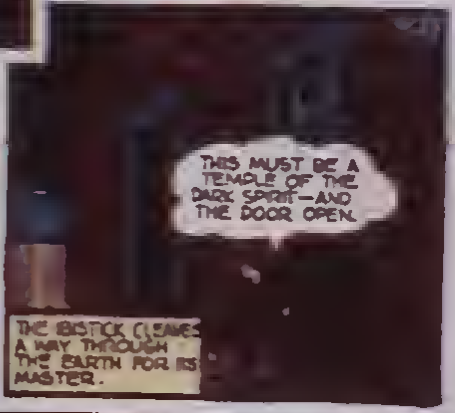
SEE! A MESSAGE FROM THE WATCHFUL ONES!
BUT, AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN THE OFFICE OF A VERY STRANG SECRET GOVERNMENT SERVICE —


Beware of Ones who approach from the way you least expect

OH! PRINCE IBIS! I HAVE HEARD OF HIM, IF HE MOVES AGAINST US—
WHAT IS THIS JABBERING? LET ME SEE THAT PAPER.

IT'S HALF-MAN
YES—HALF-MAN. YOUR CHIEF. AND THOUGH I AM BUT HALF A MAN, I HAVE MORE THAN A DOUBLE BRAIN. GIVE ME THE MESSAGE, I SAY!


IBIS THE INVINCIBLE. HAH! WE SHALL SEE. LET HIM COME—ALMOST TO THE THRESHHOLD OF HIS TRIUMPH, AND THEN—


THIS MUST BE A TEMPLE OF THE DARK SPIRIT—AND THE DOOR OPEN.
THE IBISTICK CLEAVES A WAY THROUGH THE EARTH FOR ITS MASTER.

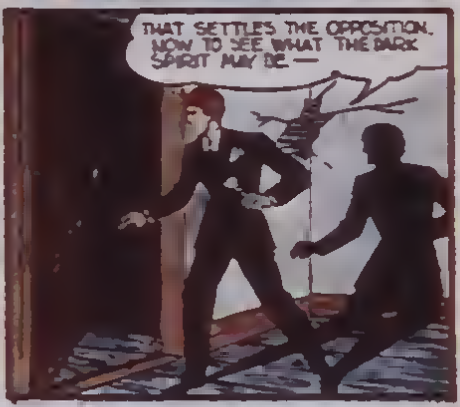
THIS SEEMS TOO EASY. IS IT A TRAP?

WHO GOES THERE? YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

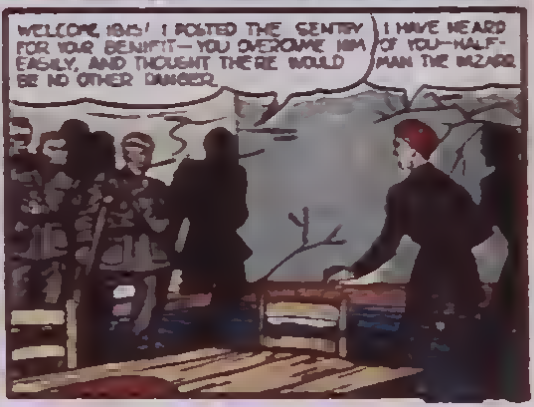
NOT SO FAST. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR RIFLE?
UG?

STUPID FOREIGNER! YOU DARE TO DEFY ONE OF THE CONQUERING RACE?
THAT'S THE VOICE OF A PARROT IMITATING HIS LEADER. THEREFORE —

— BE A PARROT IN FORM AS WELL AS IN SOUL.


THAT SETTLES THE OPPOSITION. NOW TO SEE WHAT THE DARK SPIRIT MAY BE —

GET THAT MAGIC WAND!
I HAVE IT, SIR!


WELCOME, IBIS! I POSTED THE SENTRY FOR YOUR BENEFIT— YOU OVERCAME HIM EASILY, AND THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE NO OTHER DANGER.
I HAVE HEARD OF YOU—HALF-MAN THE WIZARD.

AH, YES! I'M FEEBLE IN BODY, BUT I HAVE STRENGTH I NEVER DREAMED OF WHEN I WAS A WHOLE MAN.
"I WAS ONCE A LEADER OF FIGHTING MEN—BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE! BUT AN ENEMY SHELL STRUCK ME, AND I WAS FOREVER LOST TO THE BATTLE FIELD."
"BUT AS I RECOVERED, I TURNED TO A NEW STUDY, AND SERVE MY LEADER IN ANOTHER WAY—WITH MIGHTY MAGIC!"
I KNOW THE POWER OF YOUR WAND, ISIS. IT IS GREATER THAN ANYTHING I COMMAND. IF I GIVE IT BACK, SWEAR THAT YOU WILL USE IT AS I DIRECT—FIRST TO MAKE MY BODY WHOLE AND STRONG—
NEVER!
THE BISTICK IS FOR GOOD WORKS—AND YOU ARE EVIL. IF I EVER GET THE WAND BACK, I'LL USE IT TO DESTROY YOU!
TORTURE WILL CONVINCE YOU. MEN, SEIZE AND BIND HIM.
TWO TO ONE—I'VE FACED GREATER ODDS THAN THAT.

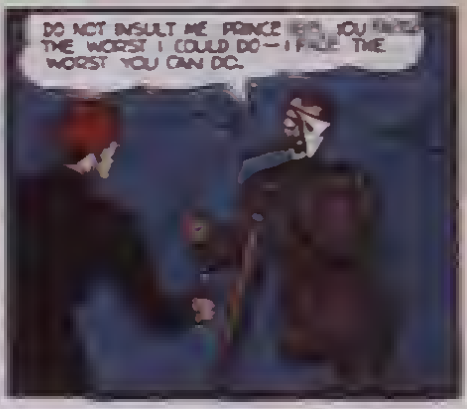
COWARDS AND BULLIES OFTEN COME TO GRIEF WITH ME.

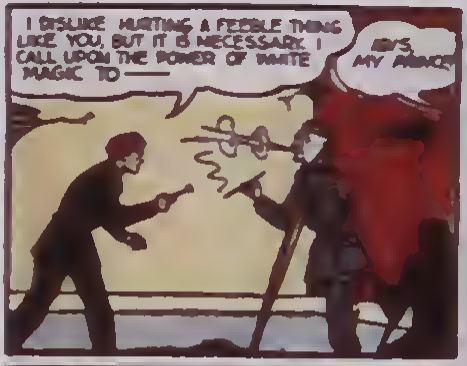
I WILL MAKE YOU HURT EACH OTHER — THUS

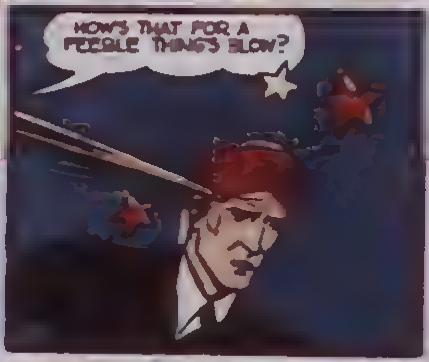
THE BEST MAGIC, PERHAPS, IS THE MAGIC OF SELF-DEFENSE.

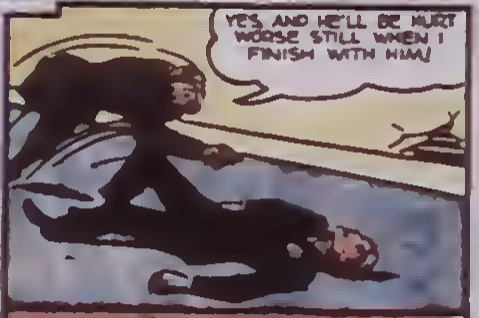
AND NOW I TAKE BACK MY STICK OF POWER.

YOUR MEN ARE CONQUERED. DO YOU SURRENDER?


DO NOT INSULT ME PRINCE [illegible] YOU [illegible] THE WORST I COULD DO — I [illegible] THE WORST YOU CAN DO.





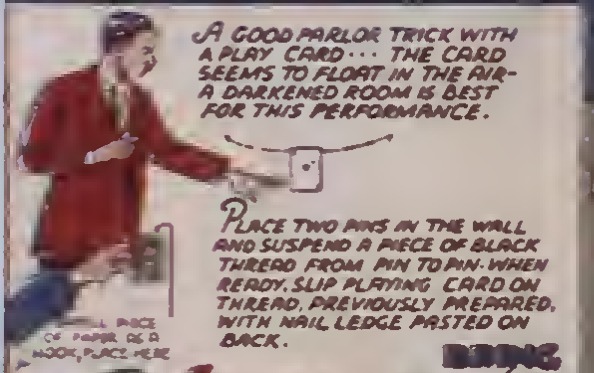


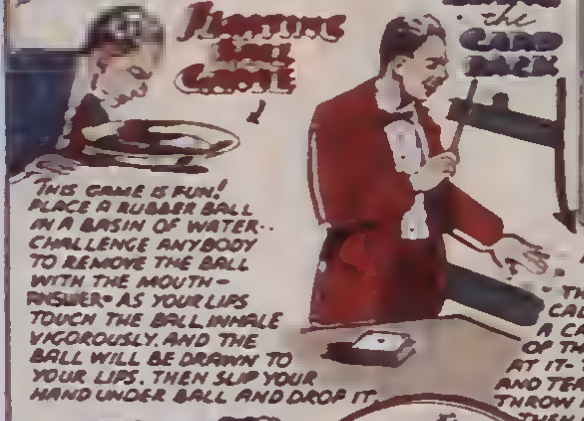
HELPLESS, STUNNED WITH THE DEADLY HALF-MAN LEERING UPON HIM, HOW CAN HE ESCAPE UNHARMED? THE END IS NOT YET — FOLLOW THIS THRILLING TALE OF WONDER RIGHT ALONG IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF —

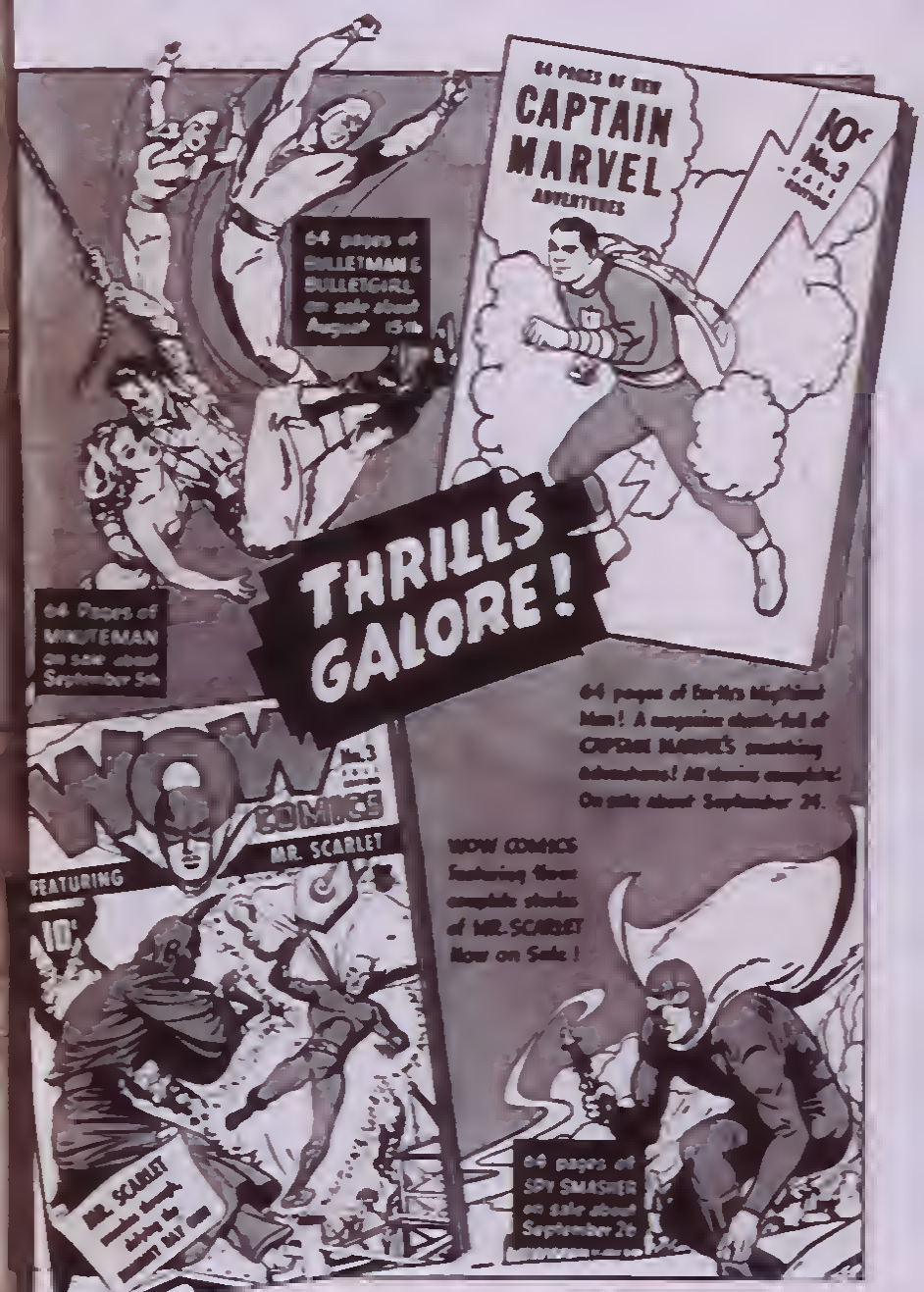
WHIZ COMICS

WHIZ MAGIC

BY IBIS


A GOOD PARLOR TRICK WITH A PLAY CARD ··· THE CARD SEEMS TO FLOAT IN THE AIR- A DARKENED ROOM IS BEST FOR THIS PERFORMANCE.
PLACE TWO PINS IN THE WALL AND SUSPEND A PIECE OF BLACK THREAD FROM PIN TO PIN· WHEN READY, SLIP PLAYING CARD ON THREAD, PREVIOUSLY PREPARED, WITH NAIL LEDGE PASTED ON BACK.


Flaming Ball Game
Bring the Card Back
THIS GAME IS FUN! PLACE A RUBBER BALL IN A BASIN OF WATER·· CHALLENGE ANYBODY TO REMOVE THE BALL WITH THE MOUTH— ANSWER· AS YOUR LIPS TOUCH THE BALL INHALE VIGOROUSLY, AND THE BALL WILL BE DRAWN TO YOUR LIPS. THEN SLIP YOUR HAND UNDER BALL AND DROP IT.
SHUFFLE THE DECK AND ARRANGE TWO CARDS THAT ARE ALIKE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE PACK. CALL ON SOMEONE TO TAKE A CARD FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK. HAVE THEM LOOK AT IT- THEN YOU TAKE THE CARD AND TEAR IT UP IN SMALL PIECES. THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW ··· THEN CALL THE CARD BACK AND, AFTER YOU SHOW THE CROWD THE SECOND CARD, THEY WILL THINK THE FIRST CARD CAME BACK.
Blow the Bottle Out
BLOW ON BOTTLE AND PUT A CANDLE FLAME OUT ··· YOUR BREATH WILL CURVE AROUND THE BOTTLE AND STRIKE THE FLAME.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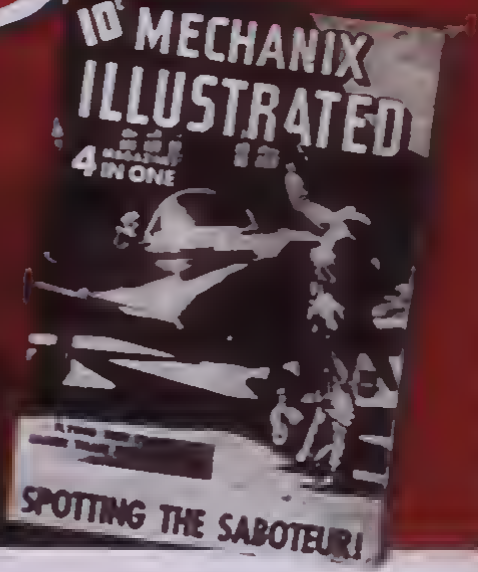
SECRET AGENTS OF THE SKIES!